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THE
NATION

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LETTERS

trumpet

Brooklyn, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: "Protest, Power and the Future of Politics" by Carey McWilliams [*The Nation,* Jan. 15] is a trumpet blast for a resurgence of ebbing interest in the viability of our political process. Moreover, it provides a stern antidote for those handcuffed to despair. He covers the major diseases of people and programs with precision and underscores the tragic implications of indifference . . . .

R. J. Novogrod
Department of Political Science
Long Island University

is Texas listening?

Mesquite, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: As a native Texan, it pains me to commend you on your editorial, "That LBJ Trip" [Jan. 8], in which you say, "Texans, as everyone knows, are Ten Feet Tall and growing." This is, of course, a generalization of the sort to which *The Nation* does not often stoop, and it is also a "hate them all" message, which I think beneath your usual editorial quality. LBJ is certainly more typical than C. Wright Mills, but both came from Texas. Even so, you are on fairly firm ground regarding Texans.

But, we were not born more ignorant and arrogant than New Yorkers. These traits have been carefully cultivated by the power elite—of which Mills spoke so well. Our educational system ranks about forty-second in the nation and not because we are a poor state but because ignorance and arrogance are advantageous to the oil magnates and others.

Texans are more to be pitied than censured. You cannot censure a lack of education, ignorance and cultivated arrogance. You must come out of your intellectual towers and confront ignorance at the grass roots, if you hope to overcome it. If New York is intellectual and sophisticated, why speak there, when Texas needs you so much?

Mrs. Lee Dresh

panic button

New York City

DEAR SIRS: W. H. Ferry chastens you [letter, Jan. 1] for indulging in "liberal tunnel visions" on the race question in America. And what do *The Nation*'s editors do? Like spiteful children, they persist in precisely what they have just been admonished on.

In support of the notion that America is committed to integration you cite "the Fourteenth Amendment," "a long series of Supreme Court decisions" and "recent legislation." Come off it. That's the worst kind of liberal nonsense. You know perfectly well that the lack of integration in America has virtually nothing to do with a lack of amendments, decisions and legislation. Not the bare forms but the historical *substance* for integration is lacking. . . .

You quote Gunnar Myrdal to the effect that "Ideals are important social facts when they are firmly anchored in the hearts of people. . . ." Of course. But Mr. Ferry's point was that the American Dream is precisely *not* "anchored in the hearts of [the American] people." If such is indeed the case—and you have cited nothing to the contrary—then the mere fact that the ideals are (in Myrdal's words) "fortified in institutions like the Constitution" is simply trivial. If you doubt that please consult the ideals that are "fortified" in the Constitution of the USSR. . . .

Aivars I. Trusis

EDITORIALS

The Shock of Reality

If the consequences were not so serious, patriotic Americans might almost be grateful to the North Koreans and the Vietcong guerrillas for forcing at least a partial perception of reality on the American psyche, bedeviled by twenty years of cold-war fantasy.

The media, which have raised few questions during the whole course of the Vietnamese War, are now doing as much of a turn-around as their past commitments will permit. Heading one of its articles "The Impotence of Power," *Time* (February 2) lamented in another article that the "piracy of *Pueblo*" rehearsed for the nation—and its adversaries—"a dismaying litany of military procedures and political assumptions that proved in the crunch to be inadequate, unimaginative and unbelievably over-confident." *Newsweek*'s caption is "Prometheus Bound," and it wonders if the *Pueblo* incident "wasn't really a salutary object lesson in the vulnerability of the mighty"—an object lesson which could have been learned from history, starting with the Greeks and coming up to date with the decline of the British Empire. In *The New York Times,* which has much less need for sackcloth and ashes, Peter Grose writes on "Limitations of Power," while James Reston observes that "never in history have the great nations been so powerful or so impotent as they are today." *The Wall Street Journal* marvels at "how much power the Communists can still mount after all the punishment they have taken from the U.S.," and points out the dangers to both sides of "the momentum of belligerence." And, with an unintentional touch of grim humor, the New York *Daily News* streamlines its January 31 issue, "Yanks Retake Saigon Embassy"—that embassy which was designed as a fortress impregnable to ordinary attack.

Painful as they are, these afterthoughts are all to the good. Perhaps we can now begin to see the folly of the world-policeman policy, and the unlikelihood of putting down "brush-fire" wars with military power. There may be some wars of this type that can be so managed, but when they involve intervention in a civil war, with our weight thrown on the side of a corrupt, reactionary government, and all the forces of nationalism arrayed against us, the venture borders on political and military insanity.

How did we get into such a seemingly impossible situation, falling from an ethical position admired by most of the world at the end of World War II to our present abjection? A clue may be found in Patrick Anderson's article, "The New Defense Secretary Thinks Like the President," in the January 28 *New York Times Magazine.* Noting that in the forties Clark Clifford was widely regarded as a liberal, Anderson quotes from a memorandum Clifford wrote to President Truman on September 24, 1946. It began:

"The gravest problem facing the U.S. today is that of American relations with the Soviet Union." Clifford's prescription was: "The language of military power is the only language which disciples of power politics understand.

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The United States must use that language in order that Soviet leaders will realize that our Government is determined to uphold the interests of its citizens and the rights of small nations. Compromise and concessions are considered by the Soviets to be evidence of weakness."

Not a word here about the UN, or world organization in any form, or the possibility of a peace-keeping force, or indeed of peace keeping in any form except by the threat of military power. Anderson, who is thoroughly conversant with the Washington scene, maintains that this paragraph is an excellent summary of Clifford's views on the challenge in Vietnam (and presumably in Korea if challenge is renewed there) and the manner in which we must deal with it. And now Mr. Clifford is our Secretary of Defense.

It should be noted, also, that in the recriminations over the course of the war in Vietnam and the *Pueblo* incident, there are suggestions that we may have to use nuclear bombs in one theatre of war or the other, or in both. Thus we can avoid fighting an infantry war in Asia, and although it is a course leading straight to World War III, its advocates are willing to take the chance.

The alternative is to listen to such sound advice as that offered by Charles Yost, former ambassador at the UN and a veteran of thirty-four years in the foreign service—and by no means a "dove." In his new book, *The Insecurity of Nations,* Mr. Yost argues that real security in the modern world is not "national security" but "collective security" through a strengthened United Nations. National armaments make nations less, not more, secure. As Mr. Yost said recently in a discussion of his book:

"The revival and reinforcement of the United Nations no doubt seems and, at the moment may be, Utopian. . . . The point to be made again and again, to be hammered unmercifully into our proud, hard, silly heads, is that the attempt to achieve the security of nations by national means, under modern circumstances, is still more Utopian."

Do our "proud, hard, silly" heads have ears, and will they listen?

Fact and Fantasy

Diplomatic and political realities are not the only bitter truths being borne in upon us: certain harsh military facts should by now begin to penetrate our "proud, hard, silly heads." For example:

When President Johnson's "Westy" was in the States in late November to help launch the President's re-election campaign, he was full of reassurance. Although he could not set a time limit, he assured us that the war was nearing its final phase. Westmoreland, and Ambassador Bunker, pointed to the foe's appalling losses, stressed every day in the body counts of the printed and electronic press. Secretary McNamara, somewhat earlier, had warned that a harder, tougher bombing policy would not do much to slow the infiltration of supplies from the North. Now McNamara is out; Westmoreland and Bunker are still in. This despite the fact that the truth of McNamara's August, 1967, testimony is being sadly verified, according to Tom Wicker of *The New York Times,* "in the fog-shrouded

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mountains around Khesanh," where a major battle impends.

Our men will fight courageously, as before. But their work is cut out for them. Gene Roberts, also writing in the *Times*, reports that "a steadily increasing supply of arms and ammunition transported along the Ho Chi Minh trail has significantly increased enemy fire power over the last year, according to several high American sources." The enemy, they said, is now "far better equipped than the South Vietnamese army." So McNamara understated the case.

A question that arises is: how many times can a general, no matter how many stars he wears, be wrong before he is transferred from his command? But the President does not set a good example in accuracy of forecasts. In his budget he proceeds on the assumption that there will be a leveling off of defense spending, when he knows perfectly well that he will be asking for more money long before the fiscal year is out—unless by some sleight of hand he is able to start negotiations with both North Vietnam and the Vietcong, and not on terms of their surrender.

On the civilian front in Vietnam—although no one can say where the military front ends and the civilian begins—the story is the same. Sen. Edward Kennedy's hard-working twelve-day visit turns up some ugly facts. Edward—who is emerging as the more skillful of the Kennedys—says the United States should threaten to withdraw if Saigon fails to make a serious attack on government corruption. That the South Vietnamese government has not the slightest intention of doing anything of the sort is made obvious by the resignation of Maj. Gen. Nguyen Duc Thang, the South Vietnamese Tom Dewey. Corruption and nepotism will go on as before. Edward Kennedy lays it on the line: "The pattern of destruction we are creating can only make a workable political future more difficult; and the government we are supporting has given us no indication that it can win the lasting confidence of its own people."

But how much longer will it take for this intelligence to penetrate those "proud, hard, silly heads" at the White House and in the Pentagon?

Johnson's Texas Troubles

Although Lyndon Johnson, through the stupidity of the Republicans, may retain control of the White House in 1968, this may be the year, ironically, when he begins to lose control of his home base in Texas. Throughout his Presidency, he has been secure in the knowledge that things back home were under the brutally tight, conservative control of his political alter ego, John Connally, who was elected governor in 1962. But Connally has announced that he will not run for re-election this year, and there appears to be no heir apparent who can be sure of election. In fact, the strength of the conservative Democrats is divided among half a dozen candidates in the primary (with more coming in every week). They are so splintered that it is doubtful that they could reunite in time to be effective in the run-off. As for the Republicans, their best bet would be George Bush, but he likes Washington and will probably remain in the House of Representatives until he can run for the U.S. Senate against Ralph Yarborough in 1970.

All of which means that the liberals will probably seize the governor's mansion this year. Non-Texans may not realize it, but that is like saying that Charles Lindbergh intends to spruce up *The Spirit of St. Louis* for a trip to the moon this year—and will probably make it. Smothered by the oil-gas-insurance-bank money blanket, the liberals have not made a successful fight for the governorship of Texas since the 1930s.

But luck and circumstances are with them now. Heretofore they could anticipate treachery on the part of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. Pressured by Johnson, Meany has in other elections kept some important Texas unions from backing the liberal Democrat, influencing them to put their money instead on the LBJ-machine candidate. But Meany had better not do that this year. Lister Hill, chairman of the Senate Labor Committee, is retiring. The man who will replace him, Wayne Morse of Oregon, is up for re-election. If he is knocked off, the chairmanship of the Labor Committee will fall to Senator Ralph Yarborough, head of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party in Texas. Meany needs his friendship, and Yarborough has already told him that the best way to be sure of that is to refrain this year from his usual trickery in Texas.

The other club with which the liberals may beat their way to victory is the threat of a rebellious delegation to the national convention—the kind of Texas schizophrenia that made headlines in the 1952 convention. Senator Yarborough has let it be known that he might lead such a band of liberal rebels to Chicago unless President Johnson refrains from helping the conservative Democrats of Texas. Johnson, who can hardly relish the thought of this embarrassment at the convention, will probably heed the warning.

Thus the way is as open as it can possibly be for the liberals' gubernatorial choice, Don Yarborough, a young Houston attorney who is no kin of the Senator. In 1962, Don Yarborough, then an unknown, came within 25,000 votes of winning the governorship in a race with Connally. The opposition of Meany and Johnson killed his chances by cutting off his money sources, and some of his labor and Mexicano support. But now Don Yarborough is a well-known, mature politician, and he can go all the way if he has half a chance. Only peace in Vietnam could be more devastating to LBJ's position than a liberal in the Texas governor's mansion.

Kurtz in Storyville

Recent evidence suggests that we have translated our war mentality to our cities. The Detroit Police Commissioner, explaining why he would not permit full reportage of departmental maneuvers designed to test new tactics, weaponry and equipment, said: "In a war, you do not show the enemy what you are doing." One wonders how many of the 400 police officers attending conferences early this year in six cities (conferences called by the Attorney General and closed to the public) also define the citizens of their cities as "the enemy." Detroit has al-

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ready employed armored vehicles originally designed for Vietnam and has ordered more for this summer.

As all military men know, a manual must accompany every new version of warfare. Col. Robert Rigg (U.S.A. Ret.) has volunteered for the war-in-the-cities assignment. "In the next decade," he says, in an article in the January *Army Magazine*, "at least one major metropolitan area in the United States could be faced with guerrilla warfare of such intensity as to require sizable U.S. Army elements in action, and National Guard units on active duty for years." We can be thankful, therefore, that while we fight our war for national survival in Vietnam, we have been farsighted enough to hold back the National Guard to pacify our own cities.

"Night fighting," says Rigg, "will call for a very delicate decision as to which darkened window to shoot at and which rooftop to blast by mortar fire or assault by helicopter. A whole new manual of military operations, tactics and techniques needs to be written in respect to urban warfare of this nature. There are none on the subject today." Rigg compares the potential warfare of our cities to our present war in Southeast Asia: "As in Vietnam today, the fighters by night could be workers by day. Rooftops, windows, rooms high up, streets low down, and back alleys nearby, could become a virtual jungle for patrolling police or military forces at night when hidden snipers could abound, as they often do against U.S. and allied forces in Vietnam in daylight. Could local police or National Guard units carry out search-and-destroy campaigns in the cement-block jungles of high-rise buildings?" Obviously not. The Army "must be oriented and trained to know the cement-and-asphalt jungle of every American city. It means that maneuvers and exercises, heretofore carried out about the countryside, in the future can be conducted in large cities." Abetting the effort will be a fifth column, "an inside intelligence system . . . informants who can help guide troops and police through the maze of buildings, stairwells, streets, alleys, tunnels and sewers." We can assume that Colonel Rigg is now composing his manual, *Fundamentals of Counterviolence Techniques As Applied To High-Rise Insurgency Situations.*

A long time ago we were promised that this Administration planned "to wage war only on poverty"; it now seems to be preparing for a war on the poor. We may be reminded, perhaps, of Joseph Conrad's Mr. Kurtz, who wrote a soaring treatise on the elimination of "Savage Customs," a treatise so high-minded and idealistic that Marlowe derived "the notion of an exotic Immensity ruled by an august Benevolence." Later, however, Kurtz scribbled a postscript: "Exterminate all the brutes!"

Two Hundred and Six Million

November 20, 1967, was a red-letter day for the Department of Commerce. At 11 A.M. the census clock in the lobby had reached the figure of 200 million Americans. A prevalent myth among businessmen is that the more people there are the better business is bound to be, since the babies will have to be clothed and fed and when they grow up provided with automobiles and split-level houses. Pessimists have disputed this view, pointing out that babies have no purchasing power and a lot of parents have sadly little. Nevertheless, there was rejoicing on that November morn, and in fact the jubilation should have been even greater, for the population experts estimated that the clock was as much as 6 million lives behind the actual figure. And now, nearly three months later, we are presumably *kinderreich* (rich in children), to use Hitler's term, by another half-million or so.

But is all this fecundity really ground for national self-congratulation? On the great day when we achieved our 200 (or 206) million, a faculty-student group at Stanford University which calls itself COPE (Council on Population and Environment) published sardonic advertisements in campus newspapers at Stanford, Berkeley and San Francisco State. The ads ran: "Our children will be proud of us for . . . massive and expanding highways . . . a landscape covered with structures and power lines . . . a booming supersonic transport business . . . removing forests and grasslands, halting rivers and flooding bays." Also "for having lots of kids so that there will be plenty of heads to solve the world's problems of overcrowding, famine, war, and so that they will never be lonely!"

Dr. Sidney Liebes, Jr., of the Stanford Medical School's Genetics Department, and Professor of Biology Paul R. Ehrlich are co-chairmen of COPE. They maintain that Americans are feeling more crowded every day, that we are depleting the world's resources and living in a deteriorating environment. In this view, what we need is not an endlessly increasing population but a stabilized one which will live in harmony with nature. And the time for stabilization is now. At least de-escalation should be started, and the sooner the better.

Of course in some other countries the need for population restraint is even more urgent. Dr. Ehrlich foresees that an estimated 3.5 million people, mostly children, will starve to death this year. For years we have been warned of the impending famines of the seventies—in four or five years an estimated 500 million will be starving. We live on the same planet with these people, and such catastrophes will inevitably have drastic effects on us. Even the militarists, who have always been in favor of large families, should now be in favor of birth control. Modern war is mainly a matter of technology, not of sheer manpower. Ehrlich points out that we fought World War II with a population of less than 150 million, and Nazi Germany conquered most of Europe with less than half that number.

Ehrlich and his colleagues feel that population control should be a campaign issue. Politicians may find it still pays to kiss babies when canvassing, but they should advocate policies that will leave fewer babies for them to kiss in the next campaign. Increasing population will only add to our economic and social woes and lead to further erosion of our freedom.

Another Stanford Medical School faculty member, Dr. Sumner M. Kalman, a pharmacologist, makes the point that the large families which were so necessary in pioneering days because of the high infant mortality and the requirements of an agricultural economy are no longer needed—are in fact harmful to individual families in

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many cases and to the nation as a whole. Dr. Kalman points out that in a relatively enlightened country like Japan abortion is legal, while the United States is disgraced with about 1 million illegal abortions annually. Since youth will inherit the problems caused by rampant population growth, such as high-pressure urbanization leading to "crime in the streets" and political instability, they should be taught all that we know about population trends, reproductive physiology and related subjects.

Whatever new problems this may raise are not likely to be as intractable as the ones we already face. COPE, and enlightened candidates for office, will find plenty of ammunition in the article in this issue by the distinguished ecologist Raymond F. Dasmann; after reading it, they can go on to his *The Destruction of California,* a book that is relevant to every state in the Union.

Happening at Happening House

The San Francisco police have notoriously bad relations with the literary world of Baghdad-By-The-Bay. Last year there was the Ken Kesey affair and also the celebrated "Love Book" trial, in which a poetess was prosecuted for using "four-letter words" and other indelicacies related to the love act.

There has also been constant friction between the police and the hippies, many of whom are, or claim to be, poets, artists and other creative types. And now a trial that is taking place has important implications on the matter of "contributing to the delinquency of minors." Leonard Wolf, a distinguished member of the English Department at San Francisco State College, is currently on trial because of the performance, in the nude, of a group of dancers at a conference he organized.

Wolf and a group of friends founded "Happening House" to serve as a liaison between the hippies and the academic community. This is a risky business, placing one between the police, who are apt to resent "meddling professors," and the hippies, whose actions are hard to foresee or control.

When a group of dancers—without warning—took off their clothes at the conclusion of the conference that Wolf held on runaways, he was arrested, though he was absent from the auditorium when the dance occurred and had no knowledge of the dancers' intentions. In a city that permits topless and bottomless dancers, whose streets "swarm" with prostitutes, it seems remarkable to bring an English professor to trial for an event he could not anticipate or control. It is due, in part, to a gulf that has historically separated the academic community from the police, a gulf that is leading to increasing conflict (one recalls the Leslie Fiedler affair in Buffalo or the recent events at the State University of New York, Stonybrook).

RUSSIA ON THE NILE

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

A World War II experience of mine illustrates, I think, an important psychological aspect of Russia's success in the Arab world. In December, 1943, soon after the Teheran Conference, and while nothing very important was happening on the Russo-German front, I had the opportunity to get a free ride in an American Embassy plane from Moscow to Teheran, and then to Cairo. (For correspondents in wartime such lifts were a regular thing; I also got one from the British on my way back from Cairo to Moscow.) Cairo was then under British occupation; and King Farouk, who had been somewhat obstreperous during the previous year, when it seemed uncertain that the British could hold Cairo against the advancing Germans and Italians, had now been browbeaten into obedient, if sulky, silence by a strong British military demonstration—tanks and all—outside his palace. The atmosphere in Egypt was unpleasant; British soldiers and officers invariably referred to the Egyptians as "Wogs."

The contempt shown by the British on every occasion and at every level deeply offended the Egyptians, and the Russians were fully aware of it. The newly appointed Soviet Minister in Cairo, Mr. Nikolai Novikov (he was later the Ambassador in Washington), invited me to lunch; several Egyptians were also guests, and I was struck by the extreme friendliness and courtesy with which the Soviet Minister treated them. During the same week, Mr. Novikov was received in audience by King Farouk. It is extremely doubtful that the Russians had any particular liking for the King, then little more than a lascivious fat boy of 23: but, on coming out of the palace after his meeting, Mr. Novikov declared to the crowd of Egyptian reporters who had gathered outside the gate that he had had a most satisfactory meeting with His Majesty and that, in his view, King Farouk was "a very great king." The Cairo evening papers, including those printed in French, came out with enormous banner headlines:

"LE ROI FAROUK EST UN TRES GRAND ROI"
déclare M. Novikov, Ministre de l'USSR en Egypte

Among Egyptians this made a tremendous impression. Whether they liked him or not, King Farouk was at that time a symbol of national Egyptian resistance to the British occupation authorities. Novikov had taken a clear "anti-colonialist" stand; the Egyptians fully understood this, and their feelings toward Stalin's Russia warmed accordingly. The British Embassy was, of course, furious with the Soviet Minister.

For a variety of reasons, this budding wartime friendship between Russia and Egypt did not burst into flower

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after the war. The Russians had an endless number of other problems on their hands; first, the gigantic task of restoring the war-paralyzed economy of the country; then the setting up of "friendly" governments in all the neighboring countries of Eastern and Central Europe; and then all the immensely complex problems that had arisen from President Truman's policy of hostility. Stalin did not entirely lose sight of the Moslem world but, obsessed as he was with Russian security, he was more interested in territories much closer than Egypt to the Soviet border, primarily (apart from Eastern Europe) Iran and Turkey. But both Stalin's move to secure a "sphere of influence" (complete with oil concessions) in northern Iran and his attempt to force Turkey to share control of the Black Sea Straits, with the help of a Russian air and naval base on the Bosphorus, came to nothing. Truman was bellicose on these points, and the Russians, having no atom bomb at the time, did not persist.

But despite Truman's sharp intervention in favor of Iran and Turkey, to the Russians the main villains in the Middle East were then still the British, rather than the Americans. Although the wartime flirtation between Russia and Egypt had helped to produce some strong progressive and even Socialist and near-Communist movements in the Arab countries, and particularly in Egypt, Stalin decided to concentrate on weakening the British hold on the Middle East in the manner least likely to please the Arabs—by making Russia the first power to extend *de jure* recognition to Israel. In June, 1947, at the United Nations, the Russians had proposed the creation of a Jewish-Arab state in Palestine as being the only fair solution to both peoples; but in November, 1947, Gromyko suddenly accepted the partition plan and the creation of a Jewish state. When, in May, 1948, Ben-Gurion proclaimed the state of Israel, Russia hastened to give it *de jure* recognition, while even the United States was still at the *de facto* stage.

The Russian Communists, starting with Lenin himself, had always been hostile to Zionism; if Stalin now overcame these "prejudices," it was because he saw in the Jews of Palestine the most determined enemies of British imperialism. The new state of Israel, with its wealth of talent, technical skill and dynamism, was also more likely than any other country in the Middle East to develop something in the nature of a "progressive" and "Socialist" state. The Arabs, on the other hand, seemed to the Russians still under the powerful influence of the British war lords, and of the American oil corporations. Stalin saw to it that the Haganah was well provided with arms, principally from Czechoslovakia. This Soviet patronage of Israel had, of course, a disastrous effect on the Egyptian "progressives" and Communists, who were subjected to the most violent persecution between 1948 and 1950. Since many of the Egyptian Communists were of Jewish origin, they were described as a "Jewish Fifth Column," and massacred. Paradoxically, this wholehearted Russian support of the new state coincided, in Russia, with the beginnings of the ferocious anti-Semitic drive that marked the last years of Stalin. But the two policies were kept more or less distinct: help to Israel was intended to create great difficulties for "British imperialism"; the anti-Jewish, and particularly anti-Yiddish and anti-Zionist, campaign in Russia was one aspect of Stalin's struggle for monolithic conformism, not only inside the Soviet Union but, especially after the defection of Yugoslavia, inside the entire "Socialist bloc."

Then, in the early fifties, the calculations began to change. Israel became more and more identified in

Aleksei N. Kosygin

Russian eyes with no longer British but American imperialism, and all dreams of Israel as an "outpost of socialism" in the Middle East were gradually abandoned. At the trial of Rudolf Slansky in 1952, American and British imperialism and Zionism were all three denounced in the same breath, and the most damaging conclusions were drawn from Slansky's "contacts" (no doubt authorized by Stalin at the time of the arms shipments to Palestine in 1948-49) with the Israeli Zionists.

What brought about a sudden new *rapprochement* between Russia and Egypt was the Anglo-Franco-American declaration of 1950 for the preservation of the *status quo* in the Middle East. The Arabs saw in this an attempt to consolidate Israel within its new, 1949 frontiers, while the Russians resented being left out of this agreement among Washington, London and Paris. Egypt was then fighting the British on the Suez Canal, and in December,

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1951, began negotiations for Russian arms. The overthrow of Farouk and the seizure of power by the officers under Naguib and Nasser interrupted these talks, the Russians strongly suspecting at first that the new Egyptian rulers were American stooges.

The Russians embraced Nasser when, following the Baghdad pact, from which Egypt was excluded, and which made Iraq—dangerously close to Russia—the real center of Anglo-American strategy in the Arab world, the new Egyptian leader attended the Bandung Conference. By doing so, Nasser openly declared himself an "anti-colonialist," which also greatly raised his stock in Egypt itself. In July, 1955, Nasser received a visit from Dimitri Shepilov, the future Russian foreign minister; and, that same month, Mr. Solod, the Soviet Ambassador, casually informed him that Czechoslovakia would sell him arms. A few months later, Nasser made a dramatic announcement to that effect.

Needless to say, the mad Anglo-French Suez adventure a year later played into the hands of the Russians. Even if Nasser himself credited the calling off of the expedition largely to Eisenhower, the view among the Arab masses, according to Jean Lacouture, the leading French authority on Egypt, was that a Khrushchev-Bulganin threat to obliterate London and Paris had been decisive.

Gamal Abdel Nasser

But, in 1958, new complications arose between Egypt and Russia over the "Anschluss" of Syria, one of its purposes having been to stop the rapid progress of the Syrian Communists. This "union" of the two countries was followed by fierce persecutions of the Communists in both Egypt and Syria; the Syrian Communist leader, Khaled Bagdash, fled to Russia, where he undertook a violent campaign against Nasser whom he pictured as a militarist and chauvinist. Relations were for a time extremely strained between Cairo and Moscow; and yet, in 1960, and despite continued persecution of the Communists in both Syria and Egypt, the Russians availed themselves of the undreamed of opportunity, given them by the American refusal to cooperate, of subsidizing in a grand manner the Aswan High Dam. Khrushchev paid a triumphal visit to Egypt in 1964, when he conferred on Nasser and Amer the title of Hero of the Soviet Union—much to the dissatisfaction of his colleagues at home. There was much speculation at the time as to just why Khrushchev was making all these desperate attempts to please the Egyptians. To create a Cuba in the Middle East? To eliminate the danger of Anglo-American bases being set up in the Arab world? To "control" the Middle East oil supplies in emergencies? Or simply to "make friends and influence people?" All of these motives played their parts, but most important perhaps was the value of the Aswan Dam as propaganda for Soviet technology among the "developing" coutries, and the creation of a whole new class of Egyptian engineers, technicians and skilled workers in connection with the dam.

The Castro-Nasser parallel scarcely holds water, since Castro is a real revolutionary and Nasser is not; nevertheless, Khrushchev, departing from Stalin's stay-at-home caution, still liked to think he was pursuing a "Leninist" policy; at least, he did until he burned his fingers on Cuba. Significantly, Khrushchev's successors are today more interested in Nasser than in Cuba. Cuba is "dangerous," and Castro now reproaches the Russians for not being "revolutionary" enough, and for signing trade agreements with reactionary regimes in Latin America. The Arab world attracts them for the reasons mentioned above, and also for the very specific mission of "protecting" the hungry Arab masses from Chinese influence.

A special place in this strange tangle is held by Syria; both Moscow and Cairo were somewhat alarmed by the "Left adventurism" of its leaders; nevertheless, both capitals felt that it was impossible to abandon Syria to Israeli aggression. When, on April 7, 1967, the Israelis attacked Syria, destroying six "Migs" in the process, Moscow sharply warned Israel to forgo any further moves against that country. Since more attacks on Syria were nevertheless expected, Nasser closed the Gulf of Aqaba and demanded the withdrawal of UN troops from the Sinai desert, both steps being taken without consulting the Russians. If the Russians raised no serious objections to these moves, regarding them in Nasser's

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terms as merely "a warning" to Israel, they grew extremely alarmed on June 2, and one of their diplomats rushed to see Nasser at 3 A.M. on June 3 to warn him against an Egyptian attack which, the Russians had learned, was to be launched against Israel that very day. A similar warning had been given to Israel by de Gaulle only a few hours earlier. After the Israel blitzkrieg of June 5, the Russians screamed loudly about "Israeli aggression" at the UN, but still they did not oppose an unconditional cease-fire. Short of intervening in person—which might have brought on a direct clash with the United States—they had no alternative. They were, of course, furious with the Egyptians' lamentable military performance, which caused the destruction of a billion dollars' worth of Soviet equipment.

What has been happening since then is curious. Marshal Zakharov, the Soviet chief of staff, recently told me that he "had had to go to Cairo to get Nasser to fire hundreds of Egyptian officers and generals." He thought most of these officers "belonged to the old feudal class" and some were hoping to overthrow Nasser—even at the price of a defeat by Israel. As for the soldiers, they were illiterate and quite untrained for modern warfare. There are now believed to be at least 3,000 Russian experts in Egypt, and 3,000 more in the other Arab countries—and the Egyptian officers take "advice" from them more readily than they did before June, 1967. Many new army and air force personnel are being trained in the Soviet Union (together with North Vietnamese); in particular, they are taught to operate the new "Mig 23." The equipment destroyed in June, 1967, has been almost completely replaced by new Russian planes, tanks, etc. Mr. Vinogradov, the ablest of all Soviet diplomats, has been ambassador in Cairo since September, and sees Nasser several times a week.

There are now some thirty Soviet warships in the Eastern Mediterranean and, according to French intelligence reports, some of these ships are equipped to carry substantial numbers of Russian marines. The Russians are also building aircraft carriers, expected soon to enter the Mediterranean. The Russians believe that the presence of their navy is calculated to reassure the Arabs. (There is nothing new about this: Czars maintained Russian naval forces in the Mediterranean and, until their breach with Albania, the Russians had a submarine base there.)

On the face of it, the situation looks dangerous, with the Russians rearming Egypt, and the United States, after the Eshkol visit to President Johnson, intensifying the rearmament of Israel. But there is good reason to suppose that the Russians feel, in a sense, that they, not Israel, are the real victors of the short war last June. They disappointed the Egyptians by not intervening militarily; but, since the Western powers broke off relations with Egypt and most other Arab countries, these countries feel that Russia is their only friend. Vinogradov, by all reliable accounts, is *not* grooming Egypt for a resounding *revanche* but is, on the contrary, trying to soften Egyptian susceptibilities to the point where the Arabs (or, at any rate, the Egyptians) will agree to a "realistic" peace settlement. Special importance is attached by qualified observers to the particularly warm reception given in Moscow to Hussein, the "little feudal king of Jordan," of all people. The explanation is quite simple: Hussein stands for a "realistic peace" and for a "realistic settlement" of the Palestine problem. This would mean that Arabs and Jews would sit down and talk. One thing to which the Russians will not agree is the annexation by Israel of the occupied territories—unless any transfer of territories is made part of a "political settlement." The Russians do not want to risk a nuclear war over Egypt, any more than they want one over Vietnam. The rearmament of Egypt, the Russian navy in the Mediterranean, etc., are no more than weapons in a diplomatic game, the final purpose of which —in the Russian view—is a "realistic settlement," after which Russia may expect to find that Egypt, and some of the other Arab countries, will still see Moscow as their best friend and benefactor. The Egyptian intelligentsia is well aware of this. When John Foster Dulles handed the Aswan Dam over to Russia, he did not know that he was taking the first step toward turning a large part of the Arab world into a Russian sphere of influence, with Egypt as Russia's great show window of benevolence toward the Third World. As one Egyptian intellectual said: "We prefer the Aswan Dam treatment to the napalm treatment that the Vietnamese people are getting."

Not that the Russians have any revolutionary ambitions. They do not much believe (despite Vietnam) in "revolutionary wars"; Latin America is too far away for them to do anything about it. As for Africa, as one Russian told me last summer: "Most of those African rulers are so goddamn corrupt, we really can't afford to compete with the CIA." There is a big difference between Kosygin and Khrushchev: if Khrushchev, departing from Stalin's caution, liked to use revolutionary verbiage and patronized Castro (Cuba was his fatal mistake: "What we shall never forgive him is that he nearly landed us in a nuclear war with the United States" was the most common remark I heard in Russia), Kosygin is not carried away by any "revolutionary" Leninism. He distrusts both Castro and the firebrands in Syria, but he likes to deal with a "reasonable guy" like Nasser. It is by working through such reasonable guys that Russia helps to maintain "progressive" (though not Communist) regimes in the "developing" countries. It can do this more easily every year, as bigger and bigger export surpluses accumulate from its spectacular industrial development. Nevertheless, Russia does not like to give away too much for nothing—or for little. That is why a limited objective like Egypt is preferable to, say, India, where—it is argued in Moscow—nothing much can be done to establish a reasonable standard of living until some far-reaching transformations are made in the whole fabric of Indian society. Charity-begins-at-home moods are still understandably strong in Russia; it is only in the last few years that living conditions have begun to approach the West European level. And that may well be the chief reason why, as Isaac Deutscher remarked, Russia broke with China. To pool resources with China would have meant raising the Chinese, and lowering the Soviet, standard of living. In Egypt much bigger results can be achieved at much smaller cost.

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MORE IS LESS

THE RIDDLE OF PROGRESS

RAYMOND F. DASMANN

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Once it was difficult to travel, but the journey led to places strange and new. Today travel is for all, but increasingly all roads lead to the same place. Technology and population growth work their changes. The unique and different become uniform, mass-produced and interchangeable. Suburban homes and high-rise apartments, highways and airports, hotels and restaurants are stamped from the same patterns from Seattle to San Diego, Miami to Honolulu, and on to once-foreign lands.

But all places have not yet been processed through the technological mill. There are places where change has not yet come, places by-passed by what we choose to call progress, places where nature still follows its old pathways, little disturbed by man. You must work harder to find them, but they exist. Whether they will still be there tomorrow depends on us.

To some, the natural areas of the world are worth saving just so that we may see the marvelous diversity of the world in which mankind evolved. To others, the wild areas are an essential part of our environment; we destroy them at the risk of our own destruction. To some, the old man-made patterns that still exist in our land are worth saving as a record of where we have been. To others, they are essential to the maintenance of human variety; they represent ways out of a technological trap. To all who are concerned, however, the question of how to save samples of the old America has no easy answer. As a nation we have been committed to quantitative measures of losses and gains. Wild values and human history do not readily quantify.

There are those who say we should not bother with these things now; the human problems of today are far too pressing. We have slums and ghettos, poverty and war, pestilence and hunger. These must command our attention. But others would look beyond tomorrow, to the day when the races no longer glare in hostility at one another, when poverty is overcome, when the slums are no more. When that day is reached and the slum dwellers emerge to their new life of security and leisure, what will the world be like? Will there be any place worth going to; any possibility of finding new ways of life in unfamiliar kinds of country? The answers to these questions must be found today.

How do we preserve diversity? How do we save wild areas and wild animal life, historical areas or different patterns for living? In the past we leaned heavily on government purchase of national parks, refuges, recreation areas, historical monuments and other reserves. But we can't afford to buy them all. At least we won't afford it now, and tomorrow will be too late. We have not managed to buy even the lands that we think we have set aside in public parks. Much of the area inside Everglades National Park is still privately owned and subject to exploitation. Point Reyes National Seashore, Assateague and Fire Island still remain largely in private hands. And those areas we have purchased for preservation beyond tomorrow are not secure. The largest reserve is influenced by its surroundings. If we owned all of Everglades National Park, it would still be threatened by the water demands of agricultural and urban developments in the lands beyond the park.

Once I thought environmental planning was the answer; better planning for and control over land use. You can't preserve wilderness without attention to the cities; you can't save nature without provisions for people. Parks must be integrated into overall park and recreation plans, and these in turn into total environmental plans. With good regional land-use planning and a willingness to translate plans into action, we could save the wild places, the rare places, the historical patterns, and create a better world for people. Once that seemed to be the answer. Today I am not sure. Too often it appears that planning, whether regional, land use or city planning, seems to lead to conditions worse than those the plans were intended to correct.

The dangers of single-purpose planning have long been obvious. Our highway systems are planned, yet few engineering efforts have done more damage to the American environment, as freeways cut through parks and choice farm lands block off urban water fronts, and destroy historical city centers. Our water developments have been planned, and yet have been the sites of the greatest environmental controversies, since every wild and scenic canyon appears to be threatened by one or another development plan.

But even the broadest kind of planning that is being carried out today can lead ultimately, if the plans are successful, to less satisfactory conditions for people. Examples could be chosen almost at random, but a recent illustration is provided by the year 2000 plan for Fairfax County, Va. Fairfax County, part of the Washington metropolitan area, contains Dulles International Airport and the new town of Reston, along with Alexandria, Falls Church, McLean and other communities that are already a part of urbanized Washington. Today, however, much of the county is pleasant, open land of interspersed forest and field, of farms and estates, where one can easily forget the presence of a big city. But today there are only 400,000 people in the county.

The planners assume that in the year 2000, 1.5 million people will live in Fairfax County. The plan is intended to accommodate them in the most rational manner, to provide sites for new urban communities, transportation networks, water, sewage systems and all the other adjuncts and necessities of urban development.

It is not my purpose to criticize the plan itself but

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to question the planners' basic assumption that growth will occur, that it is inevitable, that it is somehow desirable, and that it must therefore be accommodated. If the accommodation requires the sacrifice of field and forest, then these must be sacrificed. If it brings increasing pollution and congestion to the total metropolitan region, then these must be endured. If it leads to the disappearance of Washington into a massive megalopolis, this must be accepted. Growth is taken as the determinant; all else must bend to it. I do not know if Fairfax County will be a better place to live when 1.5 million people dwell where 400,000 now exist. It bothers me that nobody asks the question. One hears the demographer's predictions, and one obeys.

The unfortunate consequence of planning for growth is that it makes growth almost inevitable. If the houses are built and the roads are put in; if the industries and other employing agencies arrive; if water, schools, sewage systems and other essentials are provided, people will come to fill the spaces allotted for them. They will be encouraged to come; they will be advertised for; lured to the area that has been planned for them. The home builders, the road builders, the business leaders and the government officials all develop a stake in population growth. Once growth is planned for, its absence becomes disastrous. Growth must occur.

Is the answer, then, to abandon planning? Obviously not. Areas for which no overall plan exists, or in which none is adhered to, also grow. They grow in a more disruptive manner, blotting out natural environments, creating conflicts for water, creating hopeless transportation problems; spreading out into the "slurbs" of California, or the depressing developments of Florida. One sees too many examples in America of growth without plan.

Perhaps, however, the answer lies in a different kind of planning; one that takes growth as a variable that can be controlled. But planners alone cannot make such decisions. The resolve to control growth in any area is a policy decision that must be made by the government through the political process at every level, from national and state to county and city. The decision had best be made first at the top, at the federal level, since federal

Pierotti, New York Post

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funds, subsidies and contracts have a major role in determining where people will go.

I cannot state in any detail what kind of planning must be done to control growth. Obviously America is not yet saturated with people, although it could be argued that we have already exceeded our optimum population. Obviously, also, some areas have reached a point of overcrowding, considering our present level of social and physical organization of human communities. One kind of planning, therefore, that holds out hope is planning for new cities. By new cities I do not mean new towns of the Columbia or Reston variety, since these are simply well-organized additions to already urbanized areas; but completely new cities of a quarter million or more people. The "experimental city" being planned at the University of Minnesota, under the leadership of Walter Vivrett, and with the assistance of Athelstan Spilhaus, Buckminster Fuller, Harrison Brown, William Wheaton and others, is an example. This project would attempt to bring into being a city of 250,000 to be located at least 100 miles from any existing metropolitan center. Such a city, by its new design, its bold approaches to architecture and urban function, could persuade people to move from existing centers of congestion. But only a major effort and expenditure of funds by federal and state governments can bring such new cities into being. Private enterprise cannot lead the way, since it cannot afford the risk involved in such huge schemes unless it enjoys full governmental support.

Planning for open-space preservation is a tool for controlling and channeling growth, but only if the values of open space are fully recognized and if the plans are supported by every level of government. Open space, whatever its purpose, is space removed from growth, reserved for posterity. Most commonly, however, open-space plans are the ones that are first set aside or ignored to make way for highways, reservoirs, subdivisions, new municipal buildings or other growth-oriented developments.

Open-space zoning is a step beyond planning, but zoning like planning has a way of being overridden at the local level of city or county government. Hawaii has taken a strong new step with its state-wide, land-use zoning. If this can hold up against the court cases being directed toward it, an example may be set for other states. For today at least, Hawaii's system has been successful. At the worst it will have accomplished a worth-while delaying action against misplaced growth.

It is essential in open-space planning or zoning that attention be given first to the "irreplaceable" areas—the unique natural spots, the habitats of rare or endangered wild species of plants or animals, the unusual areas that would qualify as national or state parks, the important historic sites. Secondly, protection must be extended to the choice agricultural soils from which our food must continue to come, to the forest and pasture lands on which we will depend for wood, fiber or meat. These are limited in supply and we have as yet no adequate substitutes. It is also important that care be given to areas of importance chiefly for their beauty, to the scenes that give a landscape definition and quality, that provide the background against which aesthetically pleasing developments can take place.

But new cities, open-space planning and land-use zoning all represent delaying actions at best, not solutions to the problems of channeling and containing growth. The final answers must be sought in the development of population policies, national, state and local. In a series of seminars on population, held in 1966 at the University of North Carolina, it was pointed out that if it takes 100 hours to fill all the earth's available space with people, we are now in the ninety-ninth hour. There is not much time left to make decisions on where we shall continue to grow and how large.

Those who plan to accommodate more than 300 million Americans in the year 2000 seem to forget that there will also be a year 2001. If space is provided, at whatever cost, for the 300 million, growth will not thereby miraculously cease. Plans must then be instituted to provide space for 600 million in the year 2035 or 2040, and if this is accomplished for 1,200 million and 2,400 million. Planning for continued growth, to the extent that it is successful, reaches a point where it becomes madness, since there are limits and these will be reached. Must we wait until population growth is forced to halt because we have run out of resources or space? Is it not better to fight this battle now, while we still have something worth defending?

In the past five years our nation has come to realize that growth is not necessarily desirable, that the United States, as well as the underdeveloped world, has a population problem. The next step should be an inquiry to determine our policy on population, and the debate should now be under way in every community as well as in Washington. It is disturbing that no such debate is to be heard in Congress, in the state legislatures or in county councils.

In the absence of an attempt to define a population policy, what is the concerned citizen to do? One obvious answer is to educate and inform the public and the politician. But that is a slow process and meanwhile the battle to maintain a worth-while human environment is being lost. A second answer is to fight a delaying action at every level of government, using every legal, political and economic tool. If it is possible to prevent the growth of a new and unwanted subdivision by voting against the provision of city services, do so. One can vote against the new freeway and for the new park. One can campaign against the real estate candidate for the board of supervisors or the county council. A "do-nothing" policy at the government level is to be preferred to a policy that encourages "progress," where such progress is equated with growth and expansion. There are many ways to throw sand in the gears of "progress."

It is no small battle for no minor goal. At stake is the right to a rich and diversified American environment in which free people can choose their own ways of life. If the battle is lost to those who equate bigger with better, the America of tomorrow will be a technologically directed, totally regimented, completely homogenous land from which there can be no escape ever, since there will be no place left to go.

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FROM THE ISLE OF PINES

THE NEW MEN OF CUBA

JAMES HIGGINS
Mr. Higgins is assistant editor of the York (Pa.) Gazette and Daily.

Havana

I am told I am the first reporter from the United States to spend more than a day or two on the Isle of Youth, formerly the Isle of Pines, next to Cuba itself the largest of the almost 2,000 islands which form the Cuban archipelago. I returned to Havana on January 19 after six days on Isla de la Juventud, so renamed because it has been since June of 1966 the residence of an ever-increasing number of Cubans from the age of 12 on up to 27 or 28, if you include the supervising directors of the island project from the Communist Youth League.

In 1959 the total population of the island was about 8,000, I was told, consisting mostly of farmers and retainers who serviced the estates of the wealthy, many of them from the United States, some Cuban. It was much favored by U.S. nationals not only for its beauty—the area I toured in the north end of the island recalls Cape Cod and the San Joaquin Valley of California—but because it was a free trade zone, with no import or export duties.

Also, of course, it contained a prison population. The Isle of Pines, far back into the years of Spanish conquest and control, was the place of incarceration for both ordinary and political prisoners. The buildings still remain, but the great rotundas within whose walls were imbedded, honeycomb-style, ranks of small cells, are empty now, the doors of the cells removed, the bars gone from the windows. (Fidel Castro, who in the Batista era spent several years in the Isle of Pines prison, occupied, it interested me to see, a spacious two-room apartment with a bathroom equipped with shower. This was in a separate building and the idea, I was informed, was to keep Fidel completely remote from contact with other prisoners. But it is possible that, as an intellectual and upper-class Cuban, young Castro had connections of the sort that are not unknown to privileged prisoners in the United States.)

The administrative edifice of the former prison, an imposing stone structure, has been converted into a school, an institute of applied science, where several thousand young Cubans are studying modern agriculture and animal husbandry, as well as certain construction and industrial processes. The 27-year-old economist in charge of investigating and planning the economic development of the island told me that its first need is for skilled workers and technicians, "which are in short supply but we are doing our best to recruit and to train."

It was Hurricane Alma in the summer of 1966 which led to the abandonment of the prison and to the incursion of the youth. The ravages of the *Huracan* (the Tainan name for the God of Winds) were being repaired by about 2,000 prisoners, already well along the route to "readjustment to society," and thus permitted much freedom of movement outside the prison grounds. But to their assistance came, from Cuba, hundreds of youths, a number of whom expressed the wish to remain indefinitely on the Isle of Pines and reconstruct it as a model place of the revolution.

The decision-making process in Cuba seems always to involve these elements: *(1)* A need or sentiment expressed, or perhaps as yet unarticulated, by a group of people; *(2)* a crisis, such as a hurricane, or maybe only an incident, which brings together the people and Fidel, who is always on the move around Cuba; *(3)* an illumination resulting from the interplay between the people and Fidel, each concentrated upon the particular concrete problem exposed by the crisis or incident; *(4)* a plan of action formulated generally by Fidel, who is a very spontaneous thinker and talker.

At this point, I would guess, the general objective or plan of action enunciated by Fidel is taken up by the high-level boards of the Communist Party of Cuba which, it is my impression based upon many conversations with Cubans, foreign correspondents and foreign scholars of the Cuban Revolution, is a creation of the revolutionary movement led by Fidel rather than the other way around. That is to say, the party, as well as the political philosophy of Fidel and those who have been close to him in or out of the Sierra Maestra since the late 1950s, developed from the experience of the successful guerrilla struggle and the consequent experience of administering the revolution.

The high-level boards to which I refer are the eight-member Political Bureau, headed by Fidel, and the party Central Committee of about 100 members. I gather that in these units the details of operation for any general plan are discussed and formulated, rediscussed and reformulated, on and on—a continuing and, to the Cubans, natural and essential revolutionary way of doing the business of social life. And of course all the groups involved from the beginning of whatever the scheme is, the people and Fidel, together with the party directors and the technical persons assigned to the work, keep a running conversation going as the days pass and things happen and change.

So it appears to have been with the Isle of Youth project in the past year and a half. No doubt the Communist Youth League helped to mobilize the first youngsters who went to the island to make good the land and material damaged by Hurricane Alma. It should be understood, by the way, that these mass mobilizations or recruitments are not campaigns of compulsion. They are voluntary responses to appeals for human help in vital work; and are similar to the response of people in the United States when disaster—a flood, for example, or a forest fire—occurs. There is also present in these mass mobilizations a patriotic revolutionary fervor, since the revolution is young and has, you might say, turned most Cubans on.

As the pioneers on the Isle of Pines got on with the

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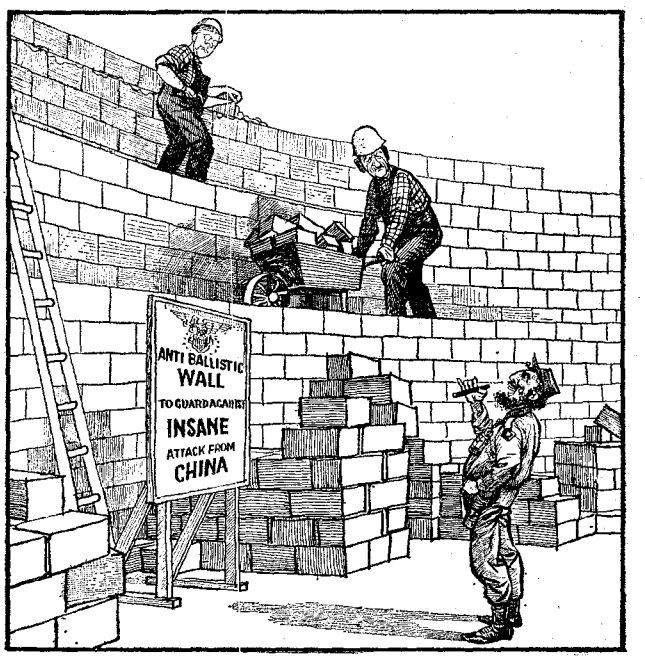
task of cleaning up the place, and began to dream of a future on the island; as Fidel caught the drift; and as the Young Communist League, the Central Committee and the Political Bureau (I am reconstructing from my imagination; no one person has described this to me) started to ponder the possibilities, an immediate problem appeared: the presence on the island of prisoners and a prison on the one hand, and, on the other, the young people. So Fidel closed down the prison. Prisoners who had conducted themselves in a manner approved by the authorities were free to remain at work on the island. The others were removed to the main island.

Between 1959 and 1966 the island population grew slowly; in 1967 it ascended sharply. The figure I was given for the present population is 40,000, divided into approximately 23,000 permanent residents, mostly adults; 5,000 students at the institute for applied science in the former prison, and 12,000 workers. If I am correct—translations were being made at the time I got these figures into English for me and French for a young Algerian reporter, and, besides, Cuba is a dizzying and complicated encounter for a stranger like myself—the 12,000 workers are mainly the new youth, who not only work but also attend school classes, as do many, perhaps most, of the Cuban people.

The projected population figures are, for 1970, 90,000; and for 1980, 120,000. If things turn out as planned, the increase will be composed of additional youth from Cuba and the growing families of the first youth settlers, although there is a present problem that must be solved before marriages and offspring can proceed on an even keel: the current ratio of boys to girls is about 15 to 1. "We are giving this unfortunate unbalance much attention," the Young Communist League secretary in charge told me. "But many girls, you know, for many reasons, including our Spanish traditions, are not accustomed to leave home and parents at an early age. So we must talk very seriously with them and their parents to overcome the reluctance." And if you cannot persuade them? I asked. "Well," he said, "then they do not come. They must make the decision to come or stay at home." And, I went on, supposing they come and then change their minds, as girls sometimes do, and wish to leave the island? "Then they go," he said. "You may ask any of them you meet if that is not the case."

I did ask the question. The answer was always as he had given it to me. But I think it is safe for me to conclude, on the basis of both interviews with a dozen or so girls and observation of hundreds of happy faces, that the percentage of girls who leave is very low. In fact, when I asked one girl what she did in Havana during the five days' leave each young person is permitted at the end of forty-five-day periods on the island, she told me she spent many hours telling her friends to join her on the Isle of Youth.

The youngsters live in what are called encampments—collective houses in barracks style, some of cinder-block construction with thatched palm roofing, some with tin roofs, some with corrugated tin siding. Most of the encampments are not coeducational but are like separate summer camps for boys and girls in the United States—although the encampment facilities are primitive by U.S. standards and conceded to be primitive by any standards by the young party officials. Furthermore, the distances between them are considerable and transportation is hard to come by, since gasoline, rationed now in Cuba, is reserved for the most part for the tractors and trucks which chug and clatter all over the island. So although there is no prohibition, indeed there is a willingness, for girls and boys to get together to dance, sing, play games or whatever, "we face," the secretary said to me, "the transportation question which we are now studying firmly with the aim to improve the bus service to Nueva Gerona" (the island's largest of six small cities and a place that on a Saturday night bears at least a superficial resemblance to the East Village of New York or San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury). "Also," he continued, "to improve the supply of bicycles and motorcycles to reinforce the jeeps, cars and trucks."



Macpherson, Toronto Star

"How About Us Crazy Cubans?"

The work done by girls on the Isle of Youth consists in the main of planting and cultivating coffee and fruit trees, oranges and grapefruit particularly, but sometimes a crossbreed of sour orange and grapefruit achieved by a grafting technique invented in Egypt (I was told by an Egyptian journalist) and perfected in Algeria (I was told by the young Algerian). Whatever the facts of that development, the 28-year-old "bachelor woman"—her description of her state—demonstrating the technique to me was a Cuban who at age 17 had been a courier between the underground in the city of Santiago de Cuba and Fidel's guerrillas in the nearby Sierra Maestra. She was using two tools, one a pair of excellent clippers, the other a neat sharp knife. I asked her where this equipment came from. The clippers from Spain; the knife from China.

The boys, as *vaqueros* (cowboys) and cowhands, work

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the ranches where cattle are being bred (by artificial insemination) and pastured in sufficient quantity to supply the present and projected population with all necessary milk and meat. The horses they use for their work are handsome animals, descendants, I was told by a smiling Bulgarian veterinarian in command of one ranch, of the horses maintained for riding pleasure by the Yankees who nine years ago had bequeathed them, along with shoreline estates, to the revolution. "A bequest," he said, "not altogether of their own free will."

The Isle of Youth is to Cuba what Cuba considers itself to be to Latin America (and maybe to North America too): a laboratory for developing the human society of the days to come. Some weeks ago I read in a *New Statesman* article by K. S. Karol a startling remark made to Karol by Fidel, to the effect that the Cuban Revolution, through Communist distribution of the goods of life, would do away altogether with money and the money mentality. I resolved at the time that if ever I had the chance myself to converse with Fidel, I would ask him how he proposed to initiate the process of eliminating money from the scene. On my visit to the Isle of Youth I discovered that the process, if only in tentative and experimental form, has already begun—in the laboratory, as I say.

The objective of production on the island—production of coffee, fruit, beef, poultry, eggs, milk and vegetables—is to furnish these free to the island population as they are now furnished free to the worker-students. Also furnished free now to the youth are all the essentials of their existence: work clothes, tools, transportation (such as it is) on the isle and to and from Cuba on the periodic visits, medical and dental care, athletic equipment, textbooks, and so forth. For their work, 7 A.M. to 5 P.M. with a two-hour break for lunch, six days a week, they receive 80 pesos a month. What for? For, I was told, "Sunday clothes" to wear to town, for treats such as soft drinks, ice cream, perhaps cosmetics, for the movie house in Nueva Gerona which costs money although two other theatres on the island show free movies, for, in general, the kind of personal items and satisfactions on which U.S. teen-agers spend some of their allowances.

But the plan is to increase gradually the free things and to decrease in proportion the money paid in wages until it disappears altogether. This sounds both simple and complex and I am sure it is. The economist whom I have mentioned commented that he saw many difficulties in the program. "Still," he added, "perhaps I have studied economics to the degree that I do not see the matter as clearly as Fidel, whose mind is less encumbered."

What the future will bring to the Isle of Youth, and to Cuba, may be envisioned in the outlines of the planners and dreamers. But there are always revolutions in the revolution, always changes, always outside interferences, always such practical puzzles as to how the Isle of Youth will work out its economic and social relationship to Cuba, and Cuba its relationship to the world around. Where, for example, will the shirts and the underwear be made, and the radios, the phonograph records and such? How will these be transformed into "free items" for the smaller island as against the larger, for Cuba as against a shrinking and uneasy but still strongly capitalistic world?

Perhaps a fundamental part of the answer does not lie in the formulated projections, in the contemplated mechanics of production and distribution, but rather in the nature of the basic crop that is being sown comprehensively on the Isle of Youth as a vanguard guerrilla campaign, entertaining for its objective the whole of Cuba and no doubt more besides: the new youth itself. Sugar has been the commodity by which Cuba has survived, but the revolution has generated a novel means of survival and example. "With clearly defined features," Che Guevara wrote in 1965, "there now appeared in the history of the Cuban Revolution a personage which will systematically repeat itself: the masses."

And on October 18, 1967, in his second speech confirming the murder of Che in Bolivia, Fidel proclaimed: "If we wish to say how we want our children to be educated, we must say without hesitation: 'We want them to be educated in Che's spirit!' . . . If we wish to express what we want our children to be, we must say from our heart as ardent revolutionaries: 'We want them to be like Che.' "

Perhaps it is still possible in the United States to discount the rhetoric of Fidel Castro as flamboyant bombast, screening a malevolent whimsy which has somehow, but only temporarily, bemused the Cuban people. I have always considered this judgment, in whatever variation it has been sounded, to be a dreadful mistake. It could be, as a matter of fact, that the real mistake, understandable in a culture whose ideology is "individualism," has been the overwhelming concentration on Fidel Castro himself, rather than on where and by whom the revolution is happening: the people of Cuba, what Che called the new Cuban personage, the masses, particularly the masses of children and youth. Let me give a very small sampling of what I think I mean. To do so, to be sure, I must present the sample in individual form. And yet it is to me an accurate sample of the personage of the young masses whom I observed in Cuba and on Cuba's Isle of Youth, a sample of Che's defined personage and of Fidel's unquestionable determination to educate the children and youth of Cuba to be "like Che."

We had driven, my interpreter and I, over a number of dusty, curving roads on the Isla de la Juventud, which certainly has a road as well as a transportation problem. Our jeep brought us to a lonely settlement of shacks and barracks, beyond which lay an expanse of water out of which a few palms here and there sprouted limply: the picture of a land devastated by flood which, indeed, turned out to be the fact, except that it was a planned flood. The "lake" had been created by a dam and was to serve as both water supply and swimming hole.

The encampment contained 250 boys late of the streets, the reformatories, the broken homes of Havana: delinquents, in short; troubled and troublemakers, some of them having been convicted of armed robbery or killings; dropouts from school, orphans, runaways and the like. They had not been dispatched to the encampment, no, they had been persuaded to give it a try. (So the story of the 26-year-old encampment director and his two political

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education assistants went.) After a session with them, wherein I learned that the boys, ages 14 to 18, were being trained in the mornings to be citrus technicians and being instructed in classroom sessions by volunteer teachers from Havana in the afternoons, I stood on the porch of the shambly headquarters waiting to meet a boy whose acquaintance I had requested after being informed that there were two lads in the camp whose parents, sick of the revolution, had departed for the States.

At length Marquido appeared, in the company of several others. As I think back on the event I do not recall that the supervisors were in the vicinity when I conducted a brief interview, which attracted more and more boys, the word having gotten around, maybe, that a "Norteamericano" was on deck. There were possibly thirty or forty in the cluster as I finished receiving the information that Marquido was 14, that his father had been well off before the revolution and could not adjust to the change, that the boy had himself decided to remain in Cuba (I had no way of checking that part of his recital), that he was healthy and contented with his work and studies, that he liked the camp and how it was "helping us all to be responsible for ourselves and each other in good ways." (I had heard a few minutes before that petty theft was quite a problem at the camp, but no matter, Marquido had the floor.)

"May I now ask you a few questions?" he said, looking me square in the eyes. He was large for 14, with broad hefty shoulders, a generally stocky build, fair skinned and tow headed, unusual for a Cuban. He reminded me of a U.S. athlete type, the kind of boy who in 9th grade has the body development and easy stance which promises he will be a tackle or a blocking back. I told him, sure, he could ask me anything. He said: "Tell me, what do you think of the United States?"

"First of all," I said, "it is my country, you understand, just as Cuba is yours. And so I answer you from that foundation, that it is my country. It is also a country that was born in revolution; and from that revolution come many fine democratic principles, of freedom and equality, in which I have believed all my life, ever since I learned them at an early age in school."

"But is there now," he asked, "freedom and equality in your country all these years after your revolution?"

"No," I said. "Some have more freedom than others, some are more equal than others."

"Then your revolution has not succeeded."

I said that was true, it had not yet succeeded in realizing its principles, which was something that disappointed and disturbed me.

"But what do you do about it?" he asked. He was proceeding in his inquiry with the utmost courtesy but I was beginning to sweat a bit, nonetheless. Also I was getting the sensation of being interrogated by Che's "personage," for the voice of Marquido seemed to be emanating from the whole of the faces studying me.

"Well," I said, "I am an editor of a daily newspaper in the United States. I also speak to audiences from time to time. And in both my writing and speaking I express my belief in freedom and equality and I criticize directly the forces in my country which block their realization."

"Such as the economic system of monopoly and imperialism?"

"Yes," I said.

"And the social system which oppresses the black people?"

"That too."

"And the political system of your government which makes war on the Vietnamese people?"

I said, yes, the newspaper for which I wrote editorials expressed horror at what the United States was doing in Vietnam and took the position that it had no business there, that the Vietnamese should be let alone to determine their own destiny. I said that was my personal feeling as well as the policy of the newspaper.

"But why," he asked, "is your government killing people in Vietnam? What do you think? Why?"

"I think," I said, "because private economic interests in the United States, which have a powerful influence upon government, own or control possessions and resources in many parts of the world. As they once did in Cuba. And they wish to keep them. And they are trying to teach in Vietnam, by war, that people must not undertake revolutions which would repossess the resources now owned or controlled by U.S. private investors."

"Do you write such things in the newspaper?" he asked.

"Pretty much so."

"What is your paper's circulation?"

"A little less than 40,000."

"Is it read throughout the country?"

"No, just in a small section of Pennsylvania."

"And there, do many people agree with you and the newspaper about Vietnam and these other things?"

"Not too many," I said. "But possibly I am wrong. I think more and more people in my country are beginning to worry and to protest the war policy toward Vietnam."

"But do they understand," he asked, "that it is the system of imperialism which leads to such wars?"

"No," I said, "I think very few understand or believe that."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"Are there many like you where you live?"

I laughed. "No," I said, "not many."

"Any?"

"Yes," I said. "But don't ask me to give you a number. I don't know."

"Tell me," said Marquido, "do you have in your country such places as this camp where boys are taught to live and work well and cooperate?"

"We have similar places," I said. "And many good people who are interested in projects like this."

"But are they successful?" he asked. "Do they have the backing of the government and the society? And how can your country try to help some boys and send other boys to kill Vietnamese boys and many be killed themselves?"

"My country," I said, "is full of contradictions, heartbreaking contradictions."

"Which only revolution can resolve," he said, his eyes dancing with mischief.

"Well," I said, "that's your story."

"Not mine," said Marquido, "Cuba's."

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"What is Cuba?" I said. It was a silly question but he had had me on the ropes for too long.

"What is Cuba?" he repeated. "It's this." He waved a hand in a gesture to indicate the encampment. "It's us." And he indicated his comrades. "Come back again," he said. "Come back to Cuba and to here. Whenever you come you will be welcome and you will see many improvements. Please now. Will you tell my parents in New Orleans that you saw me and I send them affection? Also that I'm fine. I will give you their address."

He did so and I will follow through on that for Marquido, new man in Cuba, age 14.

CREDIT CARDS

THE THIEF IN THE MAILBOX

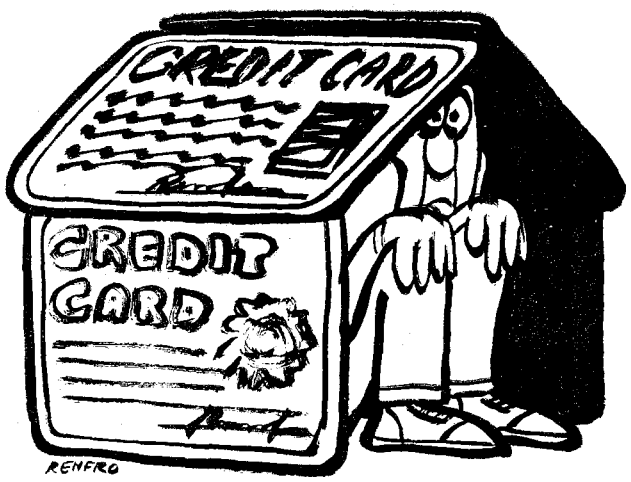
EDWARD K. SHANAHAN
Mr. Shanahan is a Washington reporter who covers the activities of Congress.

It is unsettling to rip open what looks like another piece of junk mail and find two Shell Oil credit cards inside with your name printed on them. "What's this?" you ask. You hadn't sent away for any new credit cards. Noticing that the cards were sent to an address you had moved from nearly a year ago, your initial reaction is relief that the envelope was properly forwarded and didn't fall into someone else's hands.

But your next reaction is anger. Where does the Shell Oil Co. get off printing up credit cards with your name stamped on them, putting them in an envelope marked "contents valuable," and shipping them around the country with no guarantee that you will ever get them? The answer is simple: Shell Oil has that right because there is no law against it.

Furthermore, the card states that use or even retention of it constitutes acceptance of all Shell-dictated terms. The major condition is that you agree to pay for all purchases made by any person who presents the card, whether authorized to do so or not, until or unless the Shell Oil Co. has received written notice that the card is lost or stolen. So if you don't want the card, the best policy is to destroy it—by snipping it up into bits.

In 1968 more credit cards will be issued than the country's total adult population—or some 150 million. Further, it is estimated that more than a million cards will be lost this year and another 300,000 stolen—many of them from mailboxes. There are no federal laws governing the distribution of credit cards and no agency charged with policing them, but a lot of people are beginning to get concerned and there are indications that credit card controls may develop into one of the major consumer-protection issues in the current session of Congress. Even late in 1967 there was some legislative activity in this area.



Early in November that old populist and long-time antagonist of the banking industry, Wright Patman (D., Tex.), chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, focused on bank credit cards. During hearings held by his committee, it was disclosed that at least 848 banks have some form of credit card plan and $1,137 million of credit was outstanding under these plans as of early October. Last summer First National City Bank of New York sent out about a million unsolicited "Everything Cards" to customers who met certain credit requirements, and by the first of the year the bank had lost approximately $100,000 from the use of these plastic keys to wealth by persons unauthorized and unknown. It had stopped issuing unsolicited cards in September. The specific legislation under study by Patman's committee would prohibit federally insured banks from issuing credit cards unless the recipients requested them and unless the amount of money available from them was specified, in writing, in agreements between the banks and the recipients.

Said Patman: "The widespread use of this new credit device by the banks raises serious legal and policy questions which must be answered by the Congress. Frankly, I am very concerned about the unregulated mailing of millions of unsolicited credit cards" by banks. He charged that many banks made no credit investigations before issuing the cards and in fact had no conception of the total liability of credit extended through the use of such cards.

A more cautious note was sounded by Andrew F. Brimmer, a member of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System: "We doubt that the problems involved in guarding against unsafe or unsound practices in this area are so pressing as to require immediate legislative solutions."

Furthermore, he said, restricting unsolicited mailings would seriously hamper banks in launching new credit

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card plans. That would give banks already in the field an unfair advantage.

Betty Furness, the President's Special Assistant for Consumer Affairs, said she strongly supported restrictions on bank credit cards. "I don't think credit should be handed out like candy at Christmas." One of her assistants later told a reporter that Miss Furness, not long ago, had herself been the recipient of an unsolicited credit card. "It's like someone is out there with your bank book," Miss Furness was quoted as saying. Her office reports that they get countless letters complaining about unwanted credit cards.

Patman will continue his inquiry into bank credit cards in 1968 but it is not known if he will or can broaden the scope of his investigation to cover all unsolicited credit cards. The most interesting consumer-oriented bill covering all kinds of credit cards is one worked out by Rep. Joseph E. Karth (D., Minn.) and co-sponsored by fifteen other House members. Under this bill, all unsolicited credit cards would have to be sent by registered mail and delivered only to the addressee. The envelope containing the cards would have to be plainly marked: "Unsolicited credit card—addressee may refuse." If the addressee did refuse to accept the card, the sender would have to pay the cost of return postage. It is estimated that it would cost about $1.40 to send out each such card and a similar amount for the return trip if it was rejected. With what must have been tongue in cheek, Karth said of the bill: "It is in no way intended to limit the innovative practice of banks and other businesses who wish to offer the public credit."

But what the bill does, Karth went on, is "provide the consumer a choice of refusing or accepting unasked-for credit, and it will help to prevent credit instruments from falling into the hands of unauthorized, fraudulent users. I believe these are the minimum rights every American consumer should enjoy. Protection of one's credit rating and good name and prevention of unjust debt is something I believe everyone is entitled to."

Karth's bill has been picked up by Sen. Walter F. Mondale (D., Minn.) who has a good record on consumer legislation and a knack for generating publicity as well. In offering the bill in the Senate in December, Mondale said: "The convenience of credit cards is welcomed, but the harassment of unwanted cards is not." He said the proliferation of such cards has reached alarming proportions. In Chicago, he said, five banks sent out 5 million cards to people who had not asked for them. Many of these cards were stolen, some by postal workers, causing the banks to retract the cards, according to Mondale. Texaco, he said, recently distributed 2 million unsolicited cards in California. "Texaco's success—the mass issuance brought a sales jump—may very well tempt others to follow suit," the Senator warned.

In the present absence of controls, if an unsolicited card falls into the hands of an unauthorized person, the burden is on the person whose name the card bears to prove to the company that he lost the card or that it was stolen. While trying to establish his innocence, he is subjected to the dunning of the company's collection department, his credit rating is threatened, he is inconvenienced, and runs the risk of having possible expenses if legal help is needed.

A man wrote to Representative Karth recently about an experience involving credit cards. Soon after leaving Pennsylvania for a stay in the South, this man was sent to his Pennsylvania address a Humble credit card. The card was stolen from his mailbox and used for five months without his knowledge, the writer said. It was not until he moved back to Pennsylvania that he got a bill from Humble for charges in excess of $100. "I am still fighting this purported past-due account," the man wrote. "I am highly embarrassed by it."

RACE AND SELF

TOLERANCE IN MILITANCY

GARY T. MARX
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> *In the particular movement in which I am involved, hate doesn't have much function. Hope does . . . none of us really have time to hate. It's too all-consuming.*
> Civil rights worker, Cleveland

> *I did not join the movement because of love, but because of hate. I hate racism and am out to smash it.*
> Stokely Carmichael

Writing in the early 1920s Franklin Frazier noted that "if the masses of Negroes can save their self-respect and remain free of hate, so much the better, but . . . I believe it would be better for the Negro's soul to be seared with hate than dwarfed by self-abasement." Since that time some radicals have assumed the importance of hate for racial protest as well as psychological well-being. And one tradition in social theory is that hatred of an out-group serves to strengthen identification with the causes of the in-group.

Yet analysis of the connection between protest attitudes and hatred of whites, carried out when the civil rights movement was at its peak, suggests that the opposite may well have been true. In late 1964, as part of a University of California study sponsored by the Anti-Defamation League, samples taken to be representative of the black population in New York City, Chicago, Atlanta and Birmingham were compiled. A national sample of Negroes

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living in non-Southern urban areas was also prepared. Negro interviewers sought to determine each person's opinion on a wide range of civil rights issues, including attitudes toward whites.

Those questioned were asked about their own civil rights activity, and on the basis of eight questions an index of militancy was constructed. Built into this index were questions dealing with a number of dimensions of racial protest such as impatience with the speed of integration, opposition to discrimination in public facilities and the sale of property, perception of barriers to Negro advancement, support of civil rights demonstrations, and expressed willingness to demonstrate. A parallel set of questions was used to build an index of anti-white sentiment.

When the measure of militancy was matched with attitudes toward whites, it became evident that as militancy rose so did tolerance. Those in civil rights organizations were less anti-white than those not in such organizations, and when members of civil rights organizations also scored high on the militancy index (giving the militant response to six or more of the eight items) they proved to be the most tolerant Negroes in the sample. Almost half of this group expressed little or no generalized hostility toward whites and only one in ten was strongly anti-white. In marked contrast, the least tolerant were those uninvolved in civil rights organizations and seemingly unconcerned with the civil rights struggle. Three in ten of the unaffiliated conservatives (those giving nonmilitant responses to six or more of the eight items) expressed strong dislike for whites and only slightly more than one in ten were without such sentiments.

The ironic possibility emerges that, although the civil rights struggle obviously increased overt conflict between Negroes and whites, it may actually have reduced generalized intolerance of whites, particularly among those most determined to fight for their rights. While the comparisons are at best rough, it is worth noting that when data from the study of 1964 are compared with those made in 1959 and 1949, no increase in anti-white sentiment can be seen. Of course, the findings reported above say nothing about the intensity of hostility that some militants may have felt, nor do they imply that the protest movement has not lowered Negro inhibitions about publicly expressing anti-white sentiments.

A consideration of the social and psychological factors associated with concern for civil rights, as well as with tolerance, and the nature of the civil rights struggle at the time of the study, make the correlation understandable. Thus Negroes higher in social position and social participation, those raised in urban areas and in the North, and those considered to have a positive self-image, a high morale, and to be intellectually sophisticated, were the most likely to show civil rights concern. They were also the least likely to be anti-white.

Furthermore, and beyond these shared correlates, there was no doubt, for many, an ideological link between militancy and tolerance. Militancy may have increased sensitivity to the injustice and distortion of reality which arises from categorically labeling other human groups. The greater sophistication that comes with concern for racial justice may shatter the image of a monolithic racist white society, and the inconsistency in attacking white racism from the perspective of the black racist may be realized. In addition, militants were much more tolerant of the civil liberties of religious dissenters and more accepting of diverse points of view. It seems likely that, for many, a relative tolerance for whites was part of a generally more tolerant world view.

It is true that the civil rights struggle drew upon profound frustration and discontent. However, in the case of the activist, frustration was mixed with hope, and was more likely to be caused by the situation of one's group than to be the deep personal frustration characterized by Eric Hoffer's True Believer. Those aroused by the civil rights struggle in 1964 were likely to have a high morale rather than the sense of despair and hopelessness which is often thought to lead to prejudice. In its beginning phase the civil rights movement was a mixture of very deep Negro anger and Christian principles of love and forgiveness. From not stooping to hate in a hate-filled society, people otherwise deprived gained feelings of self worth and moral superiority.

But what of today, when one American city after another explodes in racial violence and radical change has come about in the civil rights movement? The link between militancy and tolerance may not hold for black power advocates as it did for the followers of Dr. King. Indeed, reading the mass media might lead one to assume an inverse relationship between the two. A great many observers have been quick to label black power as "racism in reverse."

To be sure, anti-white sentiment exists within the black power segments of the civil rights struggle, just as it exists within the Negro community at large. For some black radicals any tolerance for whites smacks of Uncle Tom. Yet this is peripheral to the emergence of the black power movement. Anti-white prejudice is not something suddenly created by the black power movement and is not what the movement is about. The tie so often made between black militancy and hatred of whites stems more from the sensation-seeking bias of the mass media and the incipient racism of white society (which recognizes the legitimacy of white ethnic interest groups only) than it does from a careful consideration of the facts.

The emergence of something like the black power movement was to be anticipated; it is only surprising that it did not occur earlier. The dream Martin Luther King spoke of in his March on Washington speech and the idyllic vision held by early civil rights workers of a just interracial society have not materialized; in some respects things have gotten worse and continue to deteriorate. The relevant statistics are all too well known and need not be repeated.

As was the case with the Jews in Europe, the type of orientation dominant within an ethnic minority group at any one time is to an important extent dependent on the receptiveness of the dominant group. When the dominant group seems approachable, emphasis is placed on inclusion and assimilation. When the dominant group is not receptive, or its supposed receptiveness proves illusory, the minority group may increasingly turn inward and in a separatist direction. Other periods in American history show Negro protest movements going toward or away

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from the dominant society. For example, the hopes raised by the Civil War and World War I led to an initial emphasis on inclusion; the shattering of those hopes led to the predominance of separatist leaders such as Booker T. Washington and Marcus Garvey. Other leaders, for example Paul Cuffee and Martin Robinson Delaney, like many of today's black power leaders, began strongly in favor of integration and then, overwhelmed by futility, took up separatist positions.

As represented by CORE and to a lesser extent by SNCC, the black power movement has been unduly labeled pro-violence and anti-white. To argue for the strengthening of Negro institutions is not to be anti-white, nor is it to support segregation. To pursue the ethnic interests of one's own group through organizations made up and led by members of that group need not mean the preaching of hatred toward outsiders. It can simply mean operating within the context of a pluralistic society that recognizes as legitimate the claims of various ethnic groups. To the extent that such a movement is conducive to the development of a positive self-image, it might even be expected to lessen negative attitudes toward outsiders. Psychoanalysts such as Karen Horney and Erich Fromm have stressed the connection between acceptance of oneself and of outsiders.

There is some evidence that an earlier SNCC definition of the problem along strictly racial lines is softening. SNCC now talks of human rights rather than civil rights. In a recent talk at Columbia University, H. Rap Brown stressed that "a revolution is not a black or a white thing." In an address to Harvard white students working in Negro areas, a SNCC leader suggested that whites would not be unwelcome in the ghetto provided they were discreet in snapping their fingers. In their recently published *Black Power,* which might be subtitled "Essays for the concerned middle-class white," and which, because it tries to be social science analysis as well as a black Communist manifesto, partly fails as each, Carmichael and Hamilton give slight evidence of categorical hatred of whites or of irrational anger. They suggest that concerned whites have a much needed role to play in the civil rights movement and look forward to an eventual coalition of poor blacks and poor whites "as the major internal instrument of change in the American society." Hamilton recently suggested that calls for violence were rhetorical and noted, "armed revolution is not feasible and will not become so. Blacks would lose a race war and it would break their spirit."

Carmichael has repeatedly stressed in his speeches that pro-black doesn't have to mean anti-white and that if whites fail to see this it is their hang-up, not his. In an earlier speech he suggested that the black man "wants to build something of his own . . . and that is not anti-white. When you build your own house, it doesn't mean you tear down the house across the street. It just means you're building your own house." However, it might be noted that failure to obtain the deserved resources to build one's own house is a powerful stimulus to tearing down someone else's.

One can observe thus far an important disjunction between the actions of black radicals and their statements. An analysis of the themes and intensity of the anger expressed in such statements would not lead one to predict that in several years of urban violence almost the only people who have been killed are Negroes, and the only people doing the killing are policemen and National Guardsmen. Nor would it have led one to predict that a deep-lying and passionate hatred of whites per se has not been a defining characteristic of most urban uprisings. The integrated (or rather, racially parallel) character of some of the looting, the looting of Negro-owned stores and attacks on middle-class Negroes, the restrictions of the uprising to Negro areas, and the almost carnival-like atmosphere at times attest to this. For the more politically oriented participants, the uprisings were an attack on the white-dominated system and its representatives, while for others they were an effort to enjoy on the spot some of America's opulence that had been denied them.

In some cases extreme statements have been used to gain attention and to strengthen bargaining positions vis-à-vis the dominant society, or to gain power within the black community. In considering the variance between attitudes and action, Lee Rainwater suggests that Negro cultural emphasis on expressivity over instrumentality is relevant. He states: "A WASP riot under similar conditions would probably be a much more hard-nosed and certainly more bloody and violent event." But even when the makers of inflammatory statements mean what they say, it is important to remember that they are driven to their positions by the frustration of goals defined as legitimate by the state itself, and that they are "extremists" of a kind very unlike the K.K.K. or the American Nazi Party, with whom they are all too often wrongly compared. It is the partial realization of these sanctioned goals (nondiscriminatory treatment and greater dignity for Negroes) that drives white extremists to their positions. Most Negro "extremists" want to get the whites off their backs; they have no wish to deprive whites of the constitutional rights that apply to everyone.

The connection between tolerance and protest anger that held in 1964 would not hold for some segments of the civil rights movement today. Yet this does not mean that the relationship has yet been reversed, nor that there is any necessary reason why the intensity of black anger need be connected with categorical anti-white sentiment. And it may be true that the disorganized and hopeless are a greater threat to white society than are the organized. If the legacy of Malcolm X works to produce anger, it also channels it onto what is perceived as an oppressive system rather than onto whites per se. The changes in Malcolm X's perspective as a result of his trip to Mecca and break with the Muslims are understood by many of the more militant leaders.

The continued failure to improve measurably the average black man's situation may yet make the connection between militancy and tolerance noted for 1964 (and still at least hypothetically possible) an ironic footnote to a wildly escalating conflict. But while it would make slight difference to a person caught in the middle of a race war, the escalation is ultimately explainable by the inability of American society to change rather than by the internal requisites of Negro protest anger.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Some Versions of the Proletariat

THE AMERICAN WRITER AND THE GREAT DEPRESSION. *Edited by Harvey Swados. Bobbs-Merrill. 521 pp. $7.50.*

YEARS OF PROTEST: A Collection of American Writings of the 1930's. *Edited by Jack Salzman (with Barry Wallenstein). Pegasus. 488 pp. $7.50.*

MICHAEL B. FOLSOM
Mr. Folsom teaches literature at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and is preparing the memoirs of Michael Gold for publication.

Some matters suffer anthologizing; others demand it. Though a collection of great passages from Shakespeare is an impertinence, selection of medieval lyrics is a necessity. We really want an anthology when the whole of a body of writings adds up to less than the sum of its best parts, when select parts can make a good whole. Perhaps no material is more demanding—and deserving—of the anthologist's hand than the literature of the American 1930s.

Marprelate and Hooker, Nashe and Harvey, Lyly and the host of sonneteers have little force in our most crucial definitions of the English 1590s. All that is background, absorbed in or overshadowed by far greater work. But in the American 1930s, background is foreground. The great works of the period —say, *U.S.A.*, *Grapes of Wrath*, *Studs Lonigan*—seem oddly tangential to much that concerns us. They offer precious little insight into "proletarian literature," Marxian literary arguments, or the excruciating problems of the ideologically committed writer. Much of that literature died of its own incompetence, most of those arguments of their own narrowness, and the problems, as formulated in that age, are not exactly relevant today. But something was alive then, something now newly troubling again, and we would understand it. Judicious collection in popular format of the prime and fugitive materials of that antique age in our literature is about the only way most of us will be able to approach that understanding.

The two anthologies at hand are welcome, not only because they dredge up a lot of old goodies which make it more difficult than ever to write off the 1930s as a literary wasteland but also because they provoke contrary speculations about what exactly did flourish back then, and why. A good anthology, like any other work of art, selects drastically and imposes its own meaning, as well as its special order on the matter. In their contents and in their editorial commentary, these two offer rather different views of the same decade in our literature. Salzman's is the more useful and the more faithful. Swados' is, in many ways, the more interesting, coherent and challenging.

Years of Protest is more *useful*, first of all, because it is more dense. In startlingly hectic and cheap-jack fashion, its fewer pages are crammed with almost twice as many selections as Swados' handsome and leisurely volume. *Years of Protest* is more useful also because of the variety of its contents. Salzman points out that his is "an historical anthology rather than a critical one," and he has selected material largely according to its esteem and significance in the 1930s. Swados has limited his choice to what his sensibility and his opinions tell him remains relevant and appealing.

Thus, for instance, *Years of Protest* includes a good sampling of literary squabbles—Gold versus Wilder, *Partisan Review* versus *New Masses*, Farrell versus the "Stalinist" critics. The worst of such documents embalm pea-brained, old-fashioned urgencies, indeed. Swados dismisses the lot as "wearisome." But the best (like those Salzman reprints) record a verve which suggests how deeply the arguments mattered. And perhaps it is not so much the issues of those literary debates that are dated as it is their style. Just now the community of letters is rocked again by events into reconsidering its coquettish relation to the community of men. We have our own language in which to discuss what Robert Lowell is doing in Washington and LeRoi Jones in Newark, but we should be able to translate the manifestoes and backbiting of literary politics in the thirties, and we must recognize behind the rhetoric of that age a predicament to respect. At the very least we cannot know the period without a taste of its notorious public literary arguments.

Similarly Swados' taste cramps our view when, for instance, he explains his exclusion of Mike Gold and Clifford Odets on the ground that their styles are beneath contempt. One need feel no love for either man to acknowledge the central importance of *Jews Without Money* and *Waiting for Lefty* in the literature of the decade. Swados observes that "Gold's *Jews Without Money* entered the language almost as *Babbitt* had." Odets, he says, was one of the "younger 'rebels,' who were also taken seriously in their day. . . ." *Years of Protest* reprints a chapter of Gold's book, and Odets' play entire.

Salzman does not try to frame a coherent critical approach to the literature of the 1930s, but his controlling attitudes are obvious enough—for instance, in his chosen title. He is in essential sympathy with the radical political spirits of the time, and he suggests that the heart of this literature lies in its *protest*—against the men and institutions that made a national disaster out of greed, inertia and mendacity. He notes the differences within the Left and its real disasters, but his commentary is burdened with a minimum of refought squabbles and inherited sectarian bias.

Against the understanding that political enthusiasms garbled many a talent, he balances the understanding that precipitous and self-serving defection has not been pretty either. Commenting on a selection from Grace Lumpkin's strike novel, *To Make My Bread* (1932), he concludes:

> In 1953, Miss Lumpkin testified to a congressional committee that the Communist propaganda in her early work was written under pressure. She has been described by Whittaker Chambers as "a devout woman whose days are filled with good works."

And, characteristically, he reprints some of the "classics" of "proletarian" fiction which are notably lacking from Swados' collection—for instance, Albert Maltz's "The Happiest Man on Earth," Ben Field's "Cow," and Whittaker Chambers' "Can You Hear Their Voices?"

Swados' argument is much more conscientiously wrought. At its best, his long introduction has a humane and passionate tenor not really found in Salzman's introductory sketches. Swados sums up the very best he finds in the writers of the 1930s, the nature of their work and its relevance:

> . . . They conceived the very act of creation as one of affirmation of the value of human life; and the relentlessness with which they pursued—wherever it was to take them—the truth not just about themselves but also about the American experience can very well

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serve as a model for the apprentice artists and the questing students of another day.

Swados collects works which express his sense of "the true radicalism of the depression . . . this radicalism, this humanity, this searching not for absurdity but for meaningfulness, not for individual dissolution but for the profoundest kind of comradeship . . ." and his collection adds up to an admirable record of man's humanity to man. The James Agee of *Now Let Us Praise Famous Men* is the exemplar of this radicalism, the hero of Swados' anthology.

Swados' literary radicalism is essentially anti-political. He is not so much interested in protest as in *consciousness*—un-class consciousness. He sees the depression writers turning to ask, not "Who am I?" but "Who are we?"—and he finds them discovering that "America was a unified land, that its problems were national problems, that its misery was national, that solutions and resolutions would have to be national."

Such a view of social disaster leaves much more room for sympathy and concern—humane consciousness—than for an organized politics of opposition and protest. Swados' view of political radicalism in the thirties wavers between condescension and contempt. He is understandably troubled by the ineluctable drift of the American literary community toward the policies and programs of alien "Stalinism." The large soul of his humanism gives way to tortured apologetics and crabby polemics. He extenuates and explains, tells how numberless writers witlessly lost their souls to the Party, and how others helped save the honor of American men of letters by their prescient disaffection and anti-communism. Going the American Legion and HUAC one better, he discovers that:

> . . . of the crimes usually attributed by professional patriots to Communists there is one which neither [patriots nor Communists?] has as yet truly comprehended: the perversion and betrayal of the idealistic dreams of a generation of writers and intellectuals who had confided their aspirations to the keeping of a clique of second-rate politicians.

In his struggle with old bugaboos, Swados loses the distance and balance of good sense. At the depths of his contempt, moral sense eludes him as well. He ranges a decade and more out of his "hacks and has-beens" of the Hollywood Left:

> In keeping with what their employers unctuously termed "the American Way," the blacklisted screenwriters were convicted and duly released from prison—to find not ostracism, but Oscars, not contempt but contracts. . . .

Duly released—all in good form. Not a word of outrage at the blacklist itself, not a note of concern for thousands of ruined careers, or the cop-out of a generation of "good Germans," quiet liberals who clung as doggedly to their jobs as the Hollywood Ten (whatever their talents) clung to their beliefs. Not a twit of understated displeasure at the unctuous Kazans and Dmytryks who cooperated. Also a dose of hyperbole about the subsequent commercial success of the blacklisted.

Anti-communism corrupts. It is especially sad to see it mess up such a humane intelligence, such an otherwise formidable sensibility as Swados'. I do not think we are going to get a really coherent understanding of the literary 1930s until a yet inchoate new generation of radicals sets to work, free equally of the compulsion to snicker at its heritage and the illusion of reincarnating it bodily. Certainly only the young and the radical can really grasp an age that was essentially young and radical—indeed, only they have any special need to. Salzman may or may not consider himself a radical (he is young), but he suggests the poise—equable, engaged and witty—which right critics will achieve. Perhaps we still have to wait for a time when the most vigorous and candid discussion of the old Left's incompetencies and bungles can be framed without seeming a caricature of meretricious red-baiting, a time when the real contributions of the old Left to the building of the nation and its literature can be warmly and frankly appreciated without sounding like special pleading.

These two new anthologies make the attempt at a wide understanding of the literary 1930s all the more possible. Neither usurps the other's claim to our attention, for few of their selections overlap, and the solid particularity of vision in Swados' collection (as opposed to his less temperate editorial views) must be reckoned with and respected. Nor does either of these anthologies wholly supersede Louis Filler's earlier one (*The Anxious Years,* Capricorn, 1964), which has many virtues and some nasty vices of its own.

Then there is the daddy of them all, *Proletarian Literature in the United States* (1935), edited by Granville Hicks and other prominent literary radicals, with a long introduction to the subject by Joseph Freeman. Wholly partisan in its way, and covering only half the decade (the "proletarian" half), this anthology offers a view of the literary 1930s which none other can duplicate: it speaks with all the authority of the inside, with the special voice of the men we now try to understand—perhaps ultimately no more wise than any other, but a voice to which we must also hark. The book is long out of print, and it should not be.

More Than Stone Can Bear

IN A TIME OF TORMENT. *By I. F. Stone. With a preface by Murray Kempton. Random House. 436 pp. $7.95.*

PATRICK MacFADDEN
Mr. MacFadden is a free-lance journalist.

In a Time of Torment gathers together some 100 essays, mostly reprinted from *I. F. Stone's Weekly,* one from *The New Republic,* ten from the *New York Review of Books.* They cover much of American political activity between the years 1961 and 1967. Hence the torment in the title.

A span of six years does not ordinarily lend itself to the long view. Yet this particular stretch deals with parts of two administrations at home, many more administrations and semi-administrations in Southeast Asia, and several invasions of one kind or another in various parts of the world. It has been an active time. In Mr. Stone's skillfully edited progress reports one may trace the peculiar elephantiasis contracted by the body politic (painful to beholder and sufferer alike), responsive neither to massive bloodletting nor ritual exorcism. Altogether it has been, to borrow a title from one of Mr. Stone's pieces, "more than steel and chrome can bear."

Nor has language itself entirely escaped the inflationary epidemic. Mr. Stone records several examples: Theodore White on the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts—"designed to be the most fantastic monument of man's spirit since Athens"; Prof. Allan Nevins on Ngo Dinh Diem—"one of the true statesmen of the new Asia"; even President Johnson, again on Diem—"the Churchill of Asia." Sometimes the epithets appear to have wandered in from a kind of politicized Ripley Believe-It-Or-Not: President Kennedy on the Bay of Pigs—"a struggle of Cuban patriots against a Cuban dictator," Secretary McNamara informing a bemused Congressional committee that there were, in South Vietnam, three times as many Catholics as Buddhists. A scoop, Stone remarks, "comparable to the discovery that Ireland is largely populated by Protestants."

With such a scenario, writ larger than

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life, one can better understand current events, and even forecast future arrangements. Clearly, for example, domestic activities such as Presidential campaigns need no longer be confined to the restrictive boundaries of the Republic. And so it is proving to be. The known world henceforth may properly be thought a baseball diamond, of generous proportions, bases to be touched, however rudimentarily, in Canberra, Cambodia and Camranh Bay. Thus George Romney, breathless in Amman; thus too Richard Nixon, loose and running, among the startled burghers of Bonn. And humble among the Lords Temporal, even the Holy Father is summoned, to be photographed with the great ones of the earth and, on showing signs of becoming tiresome, summarily to be dismissed.

Murray Kempton's fulsome introductory tribute places Stone's historical imagination in high company: "Burke had it, Marx had it, and de Toqueville [*sic*] had it; today Walter Lippmann has it; Mr. Stone has an honorable place in just that small a company." However that may be, Kempton is surely right to recall to us the 18th century: consider Burke on the credibility gap of George III's administration:

> They never had any kind of system, right or wrong; but only invented occasionally some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties into which they had proudly strutted. And they were put to all these shifts and devices, full of meanness and full of mischief, in order to pilfer piecemeal a repeal of an Act which they had not the generous courage, when they found and felt their error, honourably and fairly to disclaim.

The analogies are seductive: amiable corruption at home, limited warfare abroad, the Monarch's oft-stated feeling of being in thrall to a demanding Providence. On this reading, President Ho crosses the Delaware, the Soviet Union and China serve as the rebel-aiding France and Spain. It would be precipitate, even impolitic, to see an erstwhile anti-monarchic younger Pitt in Senator Kennedy but, *mutatis mutandis*, may we not observe in Mr. Humphrey some of the features of the hapless Lord North? There comes a point, of course, when the parallel is less useful: in those days, the Secretary of State was answerable for his excesses in the courts.

Despite the melancholy proceedings they record, Stone's essays are something of a triumph. Not their least virtue is the sturdy avoidance of that opaque language encountered in political journalism—fair deal, less fortunate, equality of opportunity, head start—figures apparently drawn from race track and gaming table, *homo ludens*, as it were, eternally in the saddle. But then Stone is not so much concerned with the techniques of social engineering as he is with the soul of the nation, the state of the collectivity. Living in peculiar times, he is forced to the thankless task of explaining the ways of man to God. "Acquiescence in sham," he writes, "is the price of membership in the nation's elite." And he is more interested in value than in price. That is to say, he is a deeply conservative man—significantly, many of his pieces are examinations of what conservatism might be—who looks to socialism as a means to conserve what has been morally best in the American experience. To the modern liberal's "does it work?" he opposes "will it do good?" His spiritual forerunner is that other great conservative, Tom Paine. The concern that holds his writings together, that gives shape and style to their characteristic angles and perspectives, is a moral concern, against which the art of politics, as currently practiced, is a confidence trick. It is for this preoccupation that we read him and are in his debt.

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Downhill for Socialism

THE DECLINE OF SOCIALISM IN AMERICA, 1912-1925. *By James Weinstein. Monthly Review Press. 367 pp. $10.*

WILLIAM C. PRATT

Mr. Pratt is a member of the History Department of Emory University in Atlanta.

Everyone knows that socialism is irrelevant in the land of the free and the home of the brave. We don't need foreign "isms" and never did. We have had a few Socialist cranks, but no one has ever listened to them. At least no one has listened very much to them since 1912, so say Daniel Bell, Ira Kipnis, David Shannon and others who have written about the Socialist Party in the United States. Kipnis even entitled his book, *The American Socialist Movement, 1897-1912*. All the existing accounts agree that after 1912, it was downhill all the way for the S.P.

James Weinstein, in his *The Decline of Socialism in America, 1912-1925*, however, demonstrates conclusively that instead of being destroyed by the World War I experience, as other accounts suggest, the party actually grew in strength in 1917 and 1918, and his substantial scholarship forces us to re-evaluate the S.P. in the 1912-19 era.

Up until now, the 1912 Presidential vote was always cited as "proving" that the S.P. vote reached its peak that year. Didn't Debs get 6 per cent of the vote? And didn't the S.P. vote fall off after that? Look at Benson's performance in 1916. Why, he got 400,000 fewer votes than Debs did four years before! Need any other proof? More than 1,200 Socialists were elected to public office in 1912. Since that figure was never again reached, 1912 must have been the peak year.

Weinstein traces S.P. voting strength from 1912 through 1920, and destroys the 1912 "peak" thesis. In many territories, the S.P. vote actually increased during that period. In 1912, twenty Socialists were elected to state legislatures; in 1914, thirty-three; in 1916, twenty-nine; and in 1918, when according to the earlier scholars the S.P. was falling apart, thirty-two Socialists were elected to such posts. Clearly, S.P. representation in state legislatures did not decrease after 1912. What did decrease, however, was the *number* of state legislatures in which the S.P. was represented.

No reader of *The Decline of Socialism in America* will ever again pass over the 1916 election as had been done previously. Benson, obviously not the strongest candidate, conducted a poor campaign and ran behind the S.P. ticket in almost every state, sometimes as much as 50 per cent! The S.P. performance in the 1916 election was not nearly as bad as Benson's vote might suggest. By focusing almost entirely upon the showing of the national ticket to the exclusion of local S.P. efforts, the earlier studies frequently obscure the nature of the American Socialist experience.

Morris Hillquit's strong showing in the 1917 New York mayoralty race should have indicated to previous historians that the S.P. had considerable drawing power even after the entry of the United States into the war. Instead, they have explained it away by labeling it merely the anti-war and civil libertarian vote. According to this view, Hillquit benefited from the anti-war vote and from the reaction of liberals to the repressive measures that Wilson had applied against the Left. Weinstein, however, points out that the winner of the election had not declared himself in favor of the war until *after* he was elected. Actually, he probably drew away much of the anti-war vote from Hillquit. Wouldn't a good number of us vote for Robert Kennedy over Julian Bond in the hope that a vote for Kennedy might get us out of Vietnam, while a vote for Bond probably would elect Nixon?

Although the S.P. weathered the war storm, and even seemed to grow in voting strength, the repression of the war years took its toll. Socialist newspapers were denied the service of the mails; Socialist leaders were indicted and convicted under the Espionage Act, and local patriots did the rest. Socialist activity everywhere was disrupted, but west of the Mississippi it was almost completely destroyed. Weinstein overestimates the optimism of the party leaders in 1919. The disintegration of the S.P. which he locates in the 1919-21 period probably began during the war. With the party split of 1919, and the subsequent formation of the Communist and Communist Labor Parties, the S.P. was fatally disrupted as a national organization. After 1919, American radicalism was "marked [by] the disintegration of the Socialist Party as a truly national organization and the dispersal of organized radical forces." Weinstein's treatment after 1920 focuses upon the Communist and farmer-labor movement, discussing the interaction of the various groups on the Left until the 1925 collapse.

Weinstein's painstaking research sets the record straight on the voting strength of the S.P. after 1912 and clearly demonstrates the relevance of socialism as a political force in our society. In a few areas, however, this

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work fails the reader. Weinstein simply neglects to tell us how the Socialists acted in public office. How did they run Schenectady and Milwaukee? What did Socialists do in state legislatures? The effectiveness of individual Socialists in public office undoubtedly played an important role in their eventual success or failure, yet this aspect of S.P. history Weinstein ignores.

Weinstein, stressing the internal factors for the S.P.'s decline, de-emphasizes the consequences of the wartime repression and the subsequent Red scare of 1919-20. One might argue that had not American democracy failed at certain crucial points, we might still have an effective Left. Had the mails really gone through during the war, and the Bill of Rights actually been maintained throughout the 1917-20 period, perhaps the story of American socialism would be different. Certainly, as Weinstein points out, the left wing of the S.P. completely misread American conditions in 1919. But wasn't it aided and abetted in this misreading by the climate of repression that then prevailed in our society? Didn't Wilson and the Legionnaires help persuade it that socialism could not come about through the democratic process?

Weinstein seems to say that the conditions necessary for a revolution cannot be created simply by hoping for them. After World War I, the Russian Revolution could not be imported into the United States. The absolute failure of the left wing of the S.P. was a result of its refusal to study American conditions. Had the left wing not subordinated itself to foreign direction and example, and abandoned the democratic process, socialism would have had a better chance for success.

What Weinstein does not say, but his research suggests is: given the example of the successful Russian Revolution and the repressive atmosphere of 1917-20, it is understandable that many young committed radicals came to the conclusion that democracy did not work and that violent revolution was the only way in which socialism could be established.

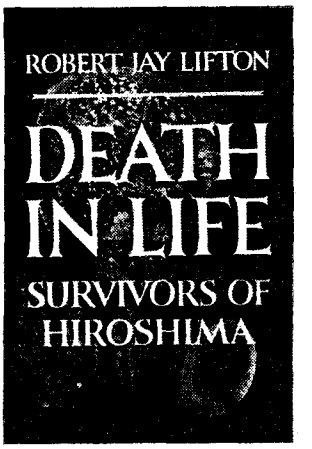
ARCHITECTURE/ ERVIN GALANTAY

Ours is not the first civilization to be obsessed by road building; the Roman and Inca empires come immediately to mind. But their highways were simply connections between cities: by contrast, the amazing 41,000-mile U.S. Interstate Highway System is a self-contained network, along which cities may or may not be "plugged in." Expressways superimpose a new, geographic form and the curvilinear geometry of speed on the familiar grid pattern of cities. Their scale is commensurate with the vast spread of the modern metropolis, and where there are no strong topographic features, expressways could contribute an orientation and visual order. Instead, alas, they often compound existing confusion by bisecting established neighborhoods, crisscrossing capriciously and displaying other forms of design misdemeanor. In the process some cities became as entangled as Laocoön in the creeping growth of expressways.

Searching for the shortest and cheapest route, highway engineers often let their concrete pythons loose on parks and historic areas, and have become an apocalyptic menace to the habitat of minority groups and other low-income families. Such vandalism may be minimized in the future, since Section 138 of the new Federal Highway Law calls for "maximum effort to preserve parklands and historic areas" and requires that alternate routings be studied to avoid damage to the "beauty and historic value" of sites. Also, the Federal Bureau of Public Roads, long a citadel of bulldozer-minded engineers, has been quietly absorbed by the newly created Department of Transportation, which is not only more sensitive to criticism of its programs but seems eager to have urban expressways used as the sinews of community renewal. Sensing the new wind from Washington, several cities are shaping their renewal programs around highway projects, among them Baltimore, Chicago and Seattle. The most imaginative and ambitious scheme so far is New York's "Linear City," first proposed by Mayor Lindsay in February, 1967, as a "dramatic new concept" aimed to derive maximal environmental improvements from the building of the Cross-Brooklyn Expressway. This segment of the Interstate System is regarded as a public facility creating the occasion and opportunity for urban development and as a device for obtaining federal highway funds to initiate overall community renewal.

An action plan for the full development of Linear City, prepared by the Baltimore firm of architects and planners, Rogers, Taliaferro, Kostritsky and Lamb, is now awaiting final approval by the New York City Planning Commission. The Baltimore firm was selected because it fathered the idea of the "Urban Concept Team," which Secretary of Transportation Alan T. Boyd has praised as the most promising innovation to deal

23 years after the "end of the world"



This is one of the important social and psychological studies of our time, comparable in its impact and human interest to Oscar Lewis's **La Vida.** Dr. Robert J. Lifton, a Yale University psychiatrist, reveals the enormous effect of the Bomb on the city of Hiroshima and on its individual survivors — who speak of their lingering memories, their persistent struggles, their guilt at being alive. Dr. Lifton extends his analysis to include comparisons of A-bomb and concentration camp survivorship, leading finally to the development of a significant theory of the psychology of survivorship.

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with the problems of modern expressways. RTK&L achieved eminence in the profession by setting out to redefine the role of the architect in society. Rogers asserts that the responsibility of the modern architect goes "far beyond three-dimensional problem solving" and amounts to a commitment to improve the quality of urban life itself.

He first proposed applying the Concept Team idea to the design of urban expressways in Baltimore, arguing that the problems created by urban expressways are far too complex to be left to the engineers, and that a "multi-disciplinary group," headed by an urban designer, should be put in charge. This proposal infuriated many engineers entrenched in the Maryland Roads Commission, the Baltimore Highway Department and the Federal Bureau of Public Roads who fought the proposal as a threat to their professional status.

Nevertheless, Maryland Gov. Spiro T. Agnew turned to the idea when Baltimore's urban highway program came to a standstill amidst heated controversy about its threat to parks and residence areas. To avoid squabbles among local professionals, the Governor appointed San Francisco architect Nathaniel Owings to head the "Concept Team." Owings enjoys the enthusiastic support of newly elected Mayor d'Alessandro, but since his team is not empowered to change the proposed expressway corridors, its recommendations can only mitigate disruptive effects by deciding such questions as what should be built along or above it, and whether it should be placed in a cut or on stilts.

Ideally, a "concept team" should choose the optimal routing for an expressway on the basis of a cost-benefit analysis that would weigh psychological, aesthetic, historical and social factors against the engineers' pet criteria of minimal land cost, ease of construction, speed and safety. In spite of the limitations placed on the Owings team, the new approach stirred national interest when Secretary Boyd publicly endorsed the "Baltimore Concept" in his Boston address to the National League of Cities on July 31, 1967. At that time, Donald T. Elliott, chairman of the New York City Planning Commission, became aware of the possibilities of mating the Concept Team idea with the Linear City proposal and turned to RTK&L for consultants. It is rumored that Mayor Lindsay has applied for a $10 million grant from federal highway funds for a more detailed feasibility study.

The routing of the Cross-Brooklyn expressway along the right-of-way of the Bay Ridge line of the Long Island Railroad was approved in 1966. The new expressway will connect the approaches of the Verazzano-Narrows bridge with expressways serving Kennedy Airport and Long Island. A branch will link the Cross-Brooklyn Expressway to the Triborough Bridge, bringing the total length of proposed new highway to 24.5 miles.

Linear City will stretch along and above the expressway in an arc of about 5 miles, originating in the area of Brooklyn College and ending for the time being at a point north of Linden Boulevard where a new community college will provide a temporary anchor for the development. The railroad beneath the expressway and Linear City will operate during the construction and may in the future provide shuttle service to connect segments of Linear City. Above the expressways there will be ample areas for parking, and the roof of this parking level will provide the main platform on which will stand buildings of varying height and configurations, with a sequence of pleasant pedestrian spaces between them.

Unlike the single-standing towers of the Port Authority that straddle the Manhattan approaches to the George Washington bridge, the buildings of Linear City will be subordinated to an overall structural concept and planned to adjust to changing requirements of the future. The continuous form promises to reintegrate the city's manifold activities, a departure from pedantic zoning practice and the creation of neatly buffered islands for a single use or activity. At points, Linear City will be no wider than the railroad right-of-way; at others, its extensions will deeply penetrate adjacent areas: a Gulliver securely tied to the Lilliputian pattern of row houses in residential blocks.

The most important component of Linear City will be its system of educational facilities, which will provide a full range of services from preschool to adult education for the five mid-Brooklyn communities of Brownsville, Canarsie, Midwood-Flatlands, Flatbush and East New York. This solution derives from the complaints by Negro parents in Brownsville that the seven schools originally planned for that area would be "*de facto*" segregated. They had suggested instead an "educational park," drawing pupils from all sections of central Brooklyn. Opponents of the educational park deplore the impersonality of such large, centralized institutions, and point to the disadvantage of divorcing the schools from their neighborhoods where they can double as social centers in the evenings.

The proposal that has been made to locate a string of schools in Linear City combines some advantages of the neighborhood school with those of an educational park. The educational ideas were developed by Cyril G. Sargent, a professor at City College, who is a consultant to the Planning Commission. His system would include "primary centers" for preschool children, "special-interest centers" and "home centers" equipped with clinics, libraries and recreational facilities. Oldtimers in the Board of Education reportedly detest Sargent's ideas, but in August, 1967, Dr. James E. Allen, Jr., the State Commissioner for Education, directed the city to proceed with the construction of the schools in Linear City and to have them ready for occupancy

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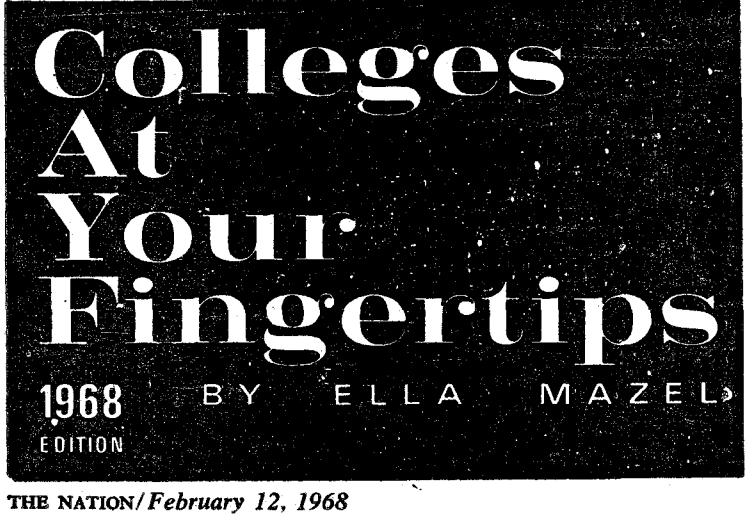

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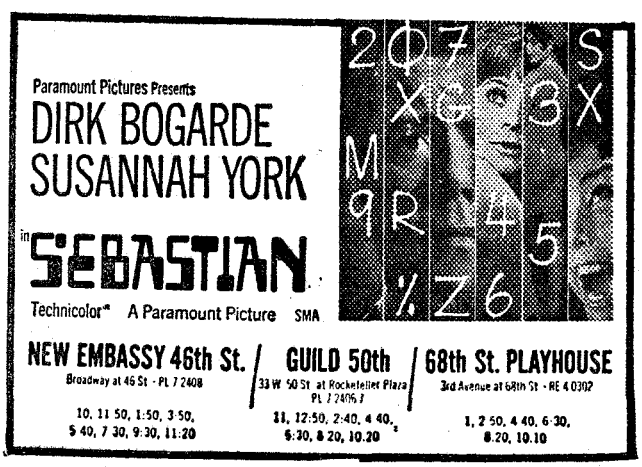
no later than 1972. This would seem to imply a timetable for Linear City itself.

The entire project calls for an investment of $1,300 million over a period of five to seven years. Of this, $966 million will be siphoned from various public sources; $322 million is expected from the private sector. Since the expressway component qualifies for the interstate program, 90 per cent of its cost will be provided by the federal government; $350 million or 27 per cent of the total financing is assured from this source alone. Linear City itself requires an investment of $900 million. In return, the city will gain school places for some 18,000 pupils, 10 million square feet of offices, retail and manufacturing space, and housing for 20,000 people. At first glance, one is struck by the high cost of the platform structure in contrast to the gain of 6,000 dwelling units of which a mere 2,000 are now designated as publicly aided housing for low-income groups. In the present urban crisis, a public undertaking of this scope should include a much higher percentage of housing for the disadvantaged. However, the proposal has various hidden economies and long-term benefits: the use of the railroad right-of-way minimizes the relocation problem, and the new housing will serve tenants at all levels of income and thus advance socio-economic integration.

The program envisages the creation of new employment opportunities and there is enthusiastic talk among the planners of moving a segment of the garment industry from Manhattan to Linear City, bringing the workshops into the home borough of most of the workers. The land cost of the development can be figured as the cost of the platform above the parking level, and the leasing of the air rights from the railroad. Including its movement systems and utilities, the platform structure of Linear City will cost up to $430 million or 33 per cent of the total investment. Yet in combination with the relatively low cost of the air rights, the total may not be excessive when measured against the expense of conventional land acquisition and clearance, and the delays due to relocation of the residents of a built-up area of similar size.

Linear City offers multiple use of land that would otherwise be assigned exclusively to the expressway. Many of the new structures will contribute directly to the city's tax base, while the schools and other tax-exempt institutions concentrated along the 5-mile strip will pay their way since, if they were placed elsewhere, they would reduce the acreage of the borough presently in taxable use. Further, the probable effect of these vast public improvements will be to enhance land values in adjacent areas, thus eventually raising the tax total. To these economic gains one should add some hard-to-calculate aesthetic and psychological benefits: instead of yet another physical barrier, Linear City will provide a humanly alive organizational spine, a unifying element that will bring a sense of excitement and adventure to the dreary borough—something for Brooklynites to boast about.

Every year almost $1.5 billion are invested in construction in New York City. Of this, the municipality accounts for $420 million, 28 per cent of the total. In 1966, "The Mayor's Task Force" pointed to these figures and asserted that the city could upgrade the quality of the urban environment simply by setting an example of bold thinking and good design in its own undertakings. Mayor Lindsay has clearly responded to this challenge and—moving from vest-pocket improvements to the grand experiment of Linear City—set out to regain for New York its long-lost leadership in urban innovation. This is no trivial goal: as Rogers puts it, "innovation per se is an objective that is self-validating in the light of the failure of the existing social and physical institutions to adjust to the volcanic forces rocking our society." Linear City provides an opening for this sort of adjustment, and if built will put to test ideas ranging from design to urban psychology. In this focus, the high design costs of this prototypical environment can more readily be justified; they will benefit future projects of similar scope across the country. In its scale and in its novel use of a transportation facility as the backbone of overall urban improvement, Linear City is the most exciting scheme that has been put forward in New York since William Wilgus proposed the development of Park Avenue in connection with the building of Grand Central Terminal. Luckily for us, Wilgus' contemporaries had the good sense and determination to turn the Grand Central-Park Avenue idea into reality. Perhaps our society will again respond to opportunity and bequeath Linear City to future New Yorkers.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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

My past week of theatregoing has been a wandering among small things. But small things may also be good, and from poor things one must learn to pick out the plums. Otherwise how could a steady regimen of entertainment remain tolerable?

Your Own Thing (Orpheum Theatre) is "a new rock musical suggested by *Twelfth Night*" with book by Donald Driver, music and lyrics by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar. It is clever kid stuff. Like all programmatic nonconformity, one specimen of "rock," unless it be first rate, is usually indistinguishable from another. It becomes a paradigm of conformity.

Still, Donald Driver's direction—especially in the dance bits—has a promising degree of invention. Robert Guerra's setting is neat, and Michael Lunstead's slides and what they "say" are groovy. The text picks up the bisexual implications of Shakespeare's play: the hero thinks he has turned queer because he has fallen in love with the transvestite girl twin and tries to justify it to himself: and this *kills* the audience at 126 Second Avenue.

The "leads"—Leland Palmer and Rusty Thacker—display plenty of energy, and one laughs at an occasional line. The evening is mercifully brief and a good time may be had by all who care to attend the party. With a few martinis under one's belt one may also rejoice at being "in." Harmless.

I always enjoy seeing a "bill" at the New York City Ballet. It stimulates me to return: every fine ballet company

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does. Ballet is the best theatre in town. Balanchine's "Japanese" number *Bugaku* —some of it strikes me as exquisitely Hindu—has an insidiously fragile attractiveness what with David Hays's ascetically pretty set, Karinska's ineffably delicate and smiling costumes and the asymmetrical eroticism of the choreography by way of Suzanne Farrell's long-legged knowledgeability.

I find it difficult—as everyone should —to "judge," that is, to declare an opinion of a new ballet at a first view. One doesn't altogether grasp the design of the unfamiliar choreography or hear the surprising (if novel) score. But even without "seizing" either aspect of Balanchine's latest two-part piece of strange title *Metastaseis* and *Pithoprakta* (music by Xenakis), I was sufficiently taken with it to wish to see it again. One doesn't have to know immediately what one thinks of them or what they mean; they have a fascinating look and sound. Judgment, if at all necessary, should come later. The enigma is a pleasure. What amiable frauds some of our dance sages are!

I was amused by those at the opening performance of this ballet who hissed because either they didn't "get" it or because they failed to be ravished on the spot, as they expect to be when that dear devil Balanchine goes to work. I was also bemused by those whose decided opinions were instantly available as if the purpose of art were to furnish an exercise for their insight. The new ballet is a graph of "life" as it impresses a contemporary sensibility, but who can quickly decipher its exact nature or give it a name?

Seeing Jerome Robbins' *The Cage* for the third time—it is a ballet one can readily comprehend, and that may be what is wrong with it—I appreciated the subtle excitement of Stravinsky's String Concerto in D, probably neo-classic if you need a category, but all Stravinsky and irreducibly modern in its tension. Patricia McBride danced in place of the indisposed Melissa Hayden. Miss McBride doesn't "horrify" as the lady spider is supposed to do; she enchants. What a treat it would be, one feels, to be destroyed by her!

As for John Taras' new entry *Haydn Concerto*, I liked the scenery and costumes of Raoul Pène duBois very much: so serene and gracefully gay. As for the rest it didn't disturb me; I could take it or leave it. As someone much more expert than I in these matters remarked, "The Greek pieces are *avant-garde*, the Haydn is *derrière-garde*."

Israel Horovitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx*, a one-act play preceded by another, *It's Called the Sugar Plum*, from the same author, merits a visit (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette Street). The two plays are ably directed by James Hammerstein and very well acted by Al Pacino and Matthew Cowles in the first named and by John Pleshette, nicely paired with Marsha Mason, in the second.

These plays have the ring of authenticity. *It's Called the Sugar Plum* begins well, goes on a bit too long in respect to its aim and tries to cover too much ground: a youthful fault. But it is a humorous and kindly observation of the grubby and foolish sexuality characteristic of the hip young, nurtured on a sophistication derived from total ignorance and which expresses itself in the verbiage of pop psychoanalysis. The general effect is of a penny-whistle idyll.

The Indian Wants the Bronx is sterner stuff. It is funny and terrifying. Two young fellows harass and mortify an innocent Hindu (they think at first that he might be a "Turk") while he waits for a bus on a deserted city street at night. (Why, one wonders, doesn't he run away?) The boys' malevolence is "play": a consequence of their idleness in an environment empty of any fulfilling contact or purpose. They are not evil: they are stinging bugs produced by the dry rot in the wide fringes of the social structure. They produce shivers because their menace and violence are part of the greater beastliness inherent in our society, which, because it does not inspire creative action based on humane thought and energy, turns to wanton and senseless destructiveness.

The actors in this play brilliantly reveal the incipient ferocity born of moral isolation that can be observed in persons who still possess some of the charming folly of untrammeled youth. In the opening play it is innocence coupled with schooled dumbness that the actor conveys with apt ease.

Horovitz's writing of *The Indian Wants the Bronx* demonstrates a perfect ear for the speech of his two punks. He is not slumming: he has made himself part of their spirit. But like other playwrights of his generation (those between 21 and 30), he should not dwell too long or too lovingly within that sphere; it is narrow and shallow for lack of a more complete understanding of the world outside it. That world may be equally ferocious, but it is nevertheless the *world*, and all of it must be explored to make art splendid and life worth the strife.

There are several ways in which one may regard Robert Anderson's *I Never Sang For My Father* (Longacre Theatre). One might say that it is another father-and-son play of which there are recent examples (O'Neill, Arthur Miller) more ambitious and extended in connotation. Or one might judge it without comparison on its own unpretentious scale. I prefer to do the latter.

It is a play of decent sentiment. I was not deeply affected by it but I *was* affected, and many people will be much more so, if they are not primarily concerned with significant statements. The play's effect is salutary because, while it is not marked by the original articulation of an experience, it does represent *an experience*, a sincere setting down of what the author has lived through. That is always to be respected; it always touches off some intimate emotion in the spectator. It is not that he recognizes the equivalent personal situation in his own family but that he is reminded of the drama which in one way or another always exists between sons and fathers, be it one of love, of mutual resistance, of love's absence, or of a feeling akin to hatred. Something which has stirred the author awakens shadowy recollection of things which have stirred us. Whatever one thinks of Anderson's play as theatre or as writing, it was written because of something actually felt by him and I always find this honorable.

It is well cast and simply staged by

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Alan Schneider, though I wished the scenic simplifications employed were somewhat more interesting or agreeable to look at. Hal Holbrook, who unfortunately has to narrate or comment on some of the play's background, does so with relaxed directness and dignity. Later he rises to the parental climactic confrontation with a fine emotional honesty.

As the father, a recognizably irritating personality who nevertheless rarely becomes as dreadfully impossible as one might expect, Alan Webb is excellent in the economy and the intelligence of his performance, sufficiently "dry" to avoid both bathos or caricature.

TELEVISION

JOHN HORN

That Edward R. Murrow who died three years ago was a man ahead of his time is demonstrated by the following excerpt from a lecture delivered at the Guildhall, London, in October, 1959, under the auspices of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and Granada TV Network. Nine years later, Mr. Murrow's remarks are especially timely for Americans in their year of major political decision.

In a free society, politics essentially involves the resolution of conflict. It is part of television's duty to define, illuminate and illustrate the nature of the conflict—to supply the voter with the raw material upon which informed opinion may be based.

Thucydides said: "We both alike knew that into the discussion of human affairs the question of justice arises only where the pressure of necessity is equal; that the strong take what they can, and the weak grant what they must."

The true function of television in politics is to operate a market place in which ideas may compete on an equal footing.

It is true that the voter may elect to purchase the second-rate, shopworn or shoddy idea. He may mistake a mobile countenance for an agile mind. He may vote for profile rather than for principle. An unruly lock of hair may be more effective than a disciplined mind.

There is no way to guarantee that television will prevent the voter from being as wrong as he has been so often in the past.

Television offers no guarantee that demagogues can be kept from political power. It merely provides them with wider and more intimate, more immediate circulation.

I would suggest that the evidence so far indicates that television can retard or accelerate a trend in public opinion, but it cannot reverse it. The hope so fondly held by enthusiasts a few years ago, the hope that television would make certain that the voter would sort out the phony from the statesman, is not proved.

I would doubt that under today's systems of communication a Lincoln or a Jefferson could be nominated or elected.

According to all reports, Jefferson had a most abrasive voice, and did not suffer fools gladly. While being interviewed on some panel program he might have told a particularly obnoxious questioner just what he thought of him, and that, of course, would have been fatal.

Mr. Lincoln did not move gracefully, was not a handsome man, had a wife who was no political asset, and he was a solitary man. In our present society he probably would have been examined at an early age by a psychiatrist, received an unfavorable report, have been told his attitude toward "togetherness" was altogether wrong, and advised to enter a trade school if he could gain admittance.

On the other hand, it is conceivable that Woodrow Wilson might have won his fight for the League of Nations, and thereby changed world history, had he been able to use the tools of television and radio. He was a rather pedantic persuader, and these instruments wouldn't have changed him, but they would have given his ideas wider circulation; and the efforts of those who attempted to distort those ideas might have had less success. It is part of television's brief history that circulation is directly related to controversy.

But it is well to bear in mind that no large section of the public demands more information or a better presentation of it. Public affairs is a form of specialization. It is *not* recreation. The public as such does not feel the call to specialize, even in its own good. On the whole it is unenterprising—it wants its fun. By the time most people turn on the television set the work of the day is over. There is a welcome break in drudgery. Most people, after working hours, prefer to be called away from reality, not made to face it. There is a limit upon the attention the public is willing to devote to politics. This would be true even if television fulfilled its functions to the utmost.

Television by itself does not usher in the democratic millennium, and its inability to do so is not its own peculiar failure. It is due to the unwillingness of men and women, even in the highly developed democracies of Britain and the United States, to take more trouble to govern themselves better.

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